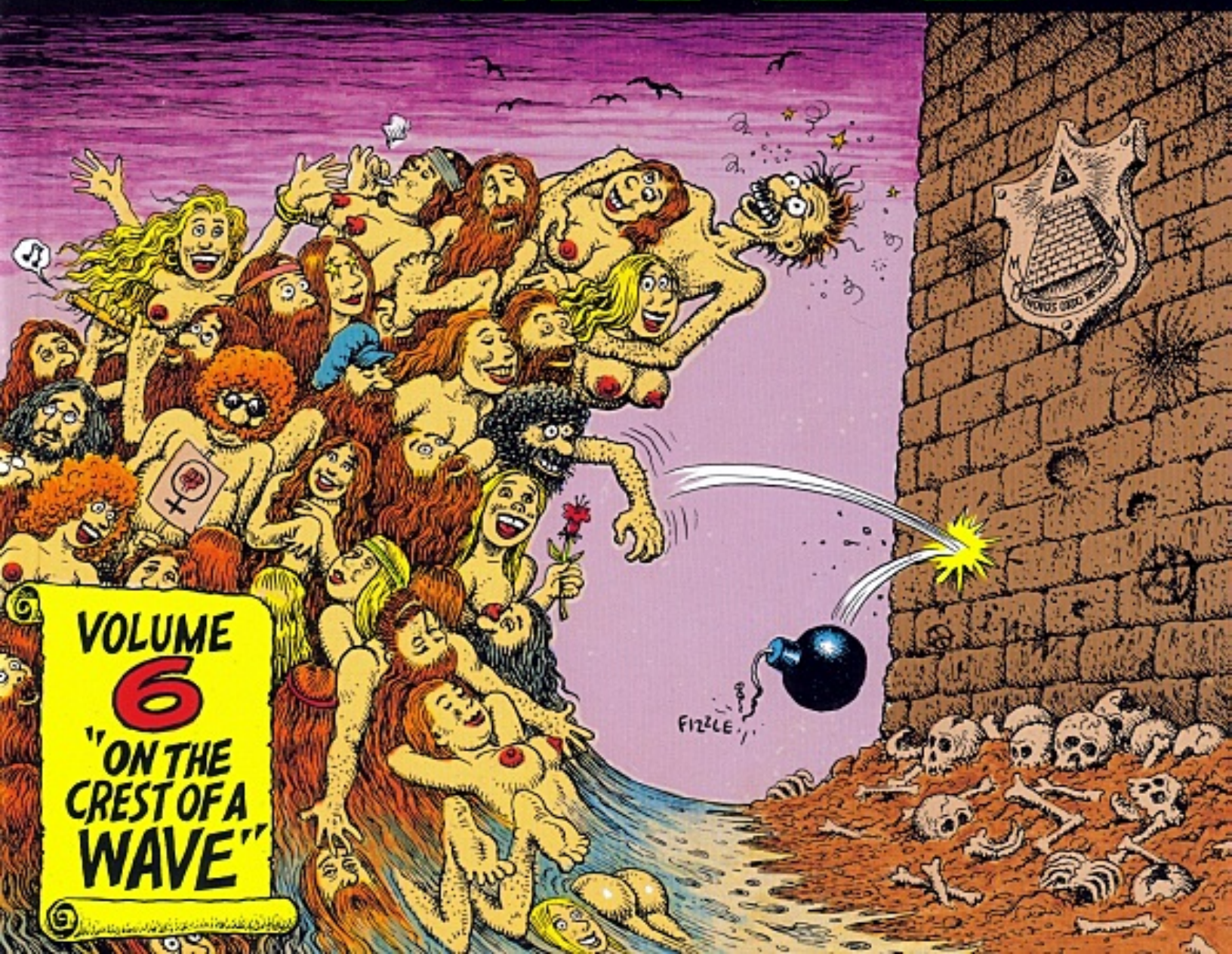


The COMPLETE CRUMB COMICS



"I guess I ought to be talking about my artwork in these introductions, but how th' hell can I talk about my own work?? What can I say about it? My pissant little fame had made my life so completely crazy by this time. Circa 1970 was such a weird time anyway. . . I was only able to keep up the cartooning through sheer momentum. Most of my energy was now focused on dealing with the endless procession of hustlers and hangers-on, and getting rid of all this pent-up sex-rage. The comics definitely suffered. . . I was hacking it out, let's face it. I was too young when it all happened. . . but, see, look, what do I know about it? How can I make any qualitative judgments about my own work. . . I can't go around saying some piece of work of mine is great, or another piece is crap—ultimately, it's not up to me. Besides, how can I say it's less than great stuff and expect you, dear reader, to buy the book?

"I'd rather brag about all the fun times I had with different women, kvetch about the craziness they put me through. Kathy was the craziest! Oh, what an unbelievable female she was! What a hell-cat! In November, '69 I went with S. Clay Wilson and this sculptor Bob Bogan to an art opening in San Francisco. The art was of no interest to me, but there, standing and looking at a piece of art on the wall was this *girl*—**BOYOING!**—my heart went right up into my throat at the sight of her—she was of average height, cute face with big lips, and, oh my God, such a radical forward pelvic tilt, such a *shelf* in the back as you rarely see on a white woman—the *ass* boldly thrust out behind, like two *basketballs*, the legs, standing apart, far in the rear of the upper body; the whole thing so totally cute and appealing. I was transfixed!

"Bogan, standing next to me, saw the expression on my face and said, 'Hey, I know her—I'll introduce you.' God love 'im. She, too, was a sculptor, a student at the art institute. That night, over a romantic dinner by candlelight, I broached a subject that had been on my mind. 'So, uh, your ass looks like it would be strong.' Fame had made me cocky, bold. . . a jerk in some ways. . . 'Oh, it's pretty strong, all right,' Kathy replied in a friendly, enthusiastic manner. A real meeting of the minds. . . That was the beginning of a five-year-long beautiful thing. And it was true: That ass was *incredibly* strong! I spent hours sitting on top of it while she casually flexed it up and down. . . it was an amazing sensation, being bounced on Kathy's ass! I also spanked it, pounded it, practiced karate on it. . . that butt needed vigorous attention! Oh, we had fun. . .

"Our relationship was a public spectacle. We had

Continued on back flap—

THE COMPLETE CRUMB

THE COMPLETE CRUMB

VOLUME 6 ON THE CREST OF A WAVE

R. CRUMB

Edited by Gary Groth
with Robert Fiore and Robert Boyd

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

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SAN FRANCISCO, EARLY 1970S:
R. CRUMB WITH KATHY AND LELA...
I WAS IN HEAVEN 'CAUSE NOW THAT
I WAS FAMOUS CUTE GIRLS LIKED ME!
← (PHOTO BY AL DAVOREN)



KATHY SHOWING OFF
HER STRENGTH IN FRONT
OF A STUPID MURAL I
WAS WORKING ON AT
THE HEADQUARTERS OF
THE MISSION REBELS
ON SOUTH VAN NESS
AVENUE. I USED THE
WRONG KIND OF PAINT,
THE MURAL DETEIORATED,
AND HAS SINCE BEEN
PAINTED OVER.



KATHY
FLEXING HER
POWERFUL
ARM MUS-
CLES ON THE
ROOF OF MY
CABIN IN
PUTTER
VALLEY.
(PHOTO BY LELA)



SHE USED TO PUT
YOGURT, AMONG OTHER
THINGS, ON HER FACE
AS SOME KIND OF
BEAUTY TREATMENT.
PHOTO TAKEN BY LELA
AT THEIR HOUSE ON
BRAZIL ST., SAN FRAN-
CISCO.

INTRODUCTION

BY R. CRUMB

AUGUST 30TH, 1969...IT'S MY 26TH BIRTHDAY...THERE I AM KNOCKING ON THE DOOR OF A LITTLE SUMMER CABIN IN UPSTATE NEW YORK, HEART POUNDING WITH ANTICIPATION. THE DOOR OPENS... "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BOB." HER VOICE IS HUSKY, HER BREATHING HEAVY. SHE STANDS IN THE DOORWAY GIVING ME A GOOD LOOK. MY EYES ARE POPPING OUT THROUGH MY GLASSES. SHE'S THE PERFECT BAD GIRL OF MY CATHOLIC-BOY DREAMS; HER VOLUPTUOUS BODY GLORIOUSLY DISPLAYED IN A SHINY, TIGHT, BLACK LOW-CUT MINI-DRESS, A WIDE BLACK LEATHER BELT AROUND HER WAIST, DARK, SEAMED TIGHTS, HIGH LACE-UP BLACK BOOTS, BLACK "CHOKER" COLLAR AROUND HER PALE WHITE NECK, THE WHOLE IMAGE FINISHED OFF WITH A VINTAGE NAZI SWASTIKA EMBLEM DANGLING IN THE CLEAVAGE OF HER HEAVING CHEST... MY BIRTHDAY PRESENT... GASH, I JUST HAD TO LAUGH AND SHAKE MY HEAD. IT'D ONLY BEEN LIKE A YEAR AGO THAT I WAS ONE OF LIFE'S LOSERS, UNDESERVING OF A SECOND GLANCE. I COULDN'T SHAKE THE HEAVY SENSE OF IRONY... I HAD SUCH MIXED EMOTIONS AS I STOOD THERE GAWKING AND GIGGLING... ON THE OTHER HAND, IT WAS KINDA TOUCHING IN A FUNNY WAY THAT THIS GIRL HAD GONE TO SUCH LENGTHS TO — TO PACKAGE HERSELF THIS WAY, JUST FOR ME... AND THEN AGAIN, IT WAS A LITTLE EMBARRASSING... SHE LIKED TO THINK OF HERSELF AS SO ULTRA HIP AND COOL AND ALL THAT, BUT THIS WAS ACTUALLY SORT OF CORNY, EXCESSIVE... STILL, MOSTLY WHAT I WAS FEELING WAS, "OBOY, OBOY! I'M GONNA GET TO RAVAGE THIS LUSCIOUS GIRL!"

HER HEAVY-LIDDED, OPEN-MOUTHED PLAYBOY FOLD-OUT EXPRESSION FELL AWAY AND SHE LAUGHED TOO, SEEING MY AWKWARD REACTION TO HER TABLEAU... I WAS UNCOOLNESS PERSONIFIED, THE COMPLETE ANTITHESIS OF THE ROMANTIC HIPPIE BOYS WITH FLOWING LOCKS SHE USUALLY HUNG OUT WITH, THE BEAUTIFUL DUDES IN FAMOUS BANDS, BEFITTING TO SUCH A DESIRABLE, HIP CHICK AS HERSELF. OH, SHE WAS FULL OF HERSELF, THAT LARK. SHE STRUTTED DOWN THE STREET WITH HER PERT LITTLE NOSE IN THE AIR... JESUS, WHAT A — 'S FUNNY HOW SHE WENT FOR ME... IT NEVER CEASED TO BEWILDER ME. I WAS ALWAYS GAWKING AT HER AND SAYING, "YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL!" ONE DAY SHE'D HEARD ENOUGH OF THIS AND SAID, "SO I'M BEAUTIFUL, SO WHAT?" SHE WAS VEXED WITH ME BY THAT TIME. SHE WANTED ME TO MAKE THE BIG COMMITMENT... I COULDN'T CONCEIVE OF SPENDING MY LIFE WITH THIS ARROGANT FEMALE, NO MATTER HOW PERFECT SHE LOOKED. I BELIEVE SHE WAS AS AMAZED AS I WAS THAT SHE GOT TO LIKING ME SO MUCH, ABOVE AND BEYOND MY CELEBRITY STATUS. I THINK IT HAD TO DO WITH MY ECCENTRICITY, MY ODDNESS. SHE COULDN'T NAIL ME DOWN LIKE ALL THOSE BORING, PREDICTABLE UPPER-MIDDLE CLASS HIPPIE GUYS SHE KNEW. I WAS A LITTLE LESS EASY TO MANIPULATE, MAYBE. ALSO, SHE COULD RELAX AROUND ME, DROP THE "AREN'T-WE-THE-HIPPEST-OF-THE-HIP" POSTURE TO A DEGREE... I MADE FUN OF IT. I WAS AN OUTSIDER IN A WAY SHE'D NEVER SEEN BEFORE. PLUS, THE SEX CHEMISTRY BETWEEN US WAS VOLATILE. SHE WAS THE PRISTINE, STUCK-UP CHEER LEADER (SHE REALLY HAD BEEN ONE); I WAS THE WEIRDO CREEP VIOLATING HER, HAVING MY WAY WITH HER IN ALL SORTS OF BIZARRE POSITIONS... SHE LIKED THAT STUFF. ONCE SHE LOOKED UP AT ME WITH HER SEXIEST LOOK, HER WIDE SENSUOUS MOUTH IN A PETULENT POUT, AND ASKED ME, "BOB, WHY DO YOU LIKE TO DEGRADE ME?" I JUST SHRUGGED, GIGGLING NERVOUSLY, AND PROCEEDED TO CHEW ON HER PLUMP LOWER LIP... I USED TO CHEW ON IT ALOT, BITE IT AND STUFF... SHE ALWAYS CALLED ME "BOB"... "OH, BOB," SHE'D SAY IN THE HEAT OF PASSION.

"LARK" WAS THE NAME SHE GAVE HERSELF (REAL NAME: HELEN). IT WAS TRINA ROBBINS I HAD TO THANK FOR BRINGING LARK AND ME TOGETHER. YES, THE SAME TRINA WHO TODAY HATES MY GUTS AND THINKS I'M ONE

OF THE LOWEST MALE PIGS WHO EVER PICKED UP A PEN. IN FACT, THE LOWEST! BUT BACK THEN I HADN'T YET DRAWN MY VILEST MISOGYNISTIC SCRAWLS, AND I WAS, AFTER ALL, A BIG HERO OF THE COUNTER CULTURE, AND SHE WAS A HIP, PRE-FEMINIST CHICK RUNNING A SMALL BOUTIQUE IN THE EAST VILLAGE, WAS JUST BEGINNING TO DRAW COMICS HERSELF, AND WAS KIM DEITCH'S "OLD LADY" SO IT WAS HER DUTY, AS SHE SAW IT (MAYBE KIM HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT—I'LL HAVE TO ASK HIM SOMETIME), TO FIX R. CRUMB UP WITH ONE OF HER HOTTEST GIRLFRIENDS. SHE ARRANGED EVERYTHING. HEY, BELATED THANKS, TRINA... STILL TO THIS DAY I LOVE YA FOR IT, EVEN IF YOU DO HATE MY GUTS...

I DON'T HAVE ANY PHOTOS OF LARK... I WISH I DID... OH MY MY, SHE WAS "SO BEAUTIFUL." LATER SHE MOVED TO A COMMUNE ON THE WEST COAST AND TURNED THE PLACE UPSIDE DOWN, HAVING SEX WITH ALL THE MEN, ANTAGONIZING THE WOMEN, BREAKING UP RELATIONSHIPS... THE LAST I HEARD SHE WAS LIVING IN A REMOTE PART OF CANADA WITH SOME GUY. THAT WAS IN THE MID SEVENTIES...

THE NEXT ONE I GOT INVOLVED WITH WAS KATHY — I GUESS I OUGHT TO BE TALKING ABOUT MY ARTWORK IN THESE INTRODUCTIONS, BUT HOW THE HELL CAN I TALK ABOUT MY OWN WORK ?? WHAT CAN I SAY ABOUT IT? MY PISANTT LITTLE FAME HAD MADE MY LIFE SO COMPLETELY CRAZY BY THIS TIME. CIRCA 1970 WAS SUCH A WEIRD TIME ANYWAY... I WAS ONLY ABLE TO KEEP UP THE CARTOONING THROUGH SHEER MOMENTUM. MOST OF MY ENERGY WAS NOW FOCUSED ON DEALING WITH THE ENDLESS PROCESSION OF HUSTLERS AND HANGERS — ON, AND GETTING RID OF ALL THIS PENT-UP SEX-RAGE. THE COMICS DEFINITELY SUFFERED... I WAS HACKING IT OUT, LET'S FACE IT. I WAS TOO YOUNG WHEN ALL THIS HAPPENED... BUT SEE, LOOK, WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT IT? HOW CAN I MAKE ANY QUALITATIVE JUDGEMENTS ABOUT MY OWN WORK... I CAN'T GO AROUND SAYING SOME PIECE OF WORK OF MINE IS GREAT, OR ANOTHER PIECE IS CRAP — ULTIMATELY, IT'S NOT UP TO ME. BESIDES, HOW CAN I SAY IT'S LESS THAN GREAT STUFF AND EXPECT YOU, DEAR READER, TO BUY THE BOOK ??

I'D RATHER BRAG ABOUT ALL THE FUN TIMES I HAD WITH DIFFERENT WOMEN, KVETCH ABOUT THE CRAZINESS THEY PUT ME THROUGH. THIS KATHY WAS THE CRAZIEST! OH, WHAT AN UNBELIEVABLE FEMALE SHE WAS! WHAT A HELL-CAT! IN NOVEMBER, '69 I WENT WITH S. CLAY WILSON AND THIS SCULPTOR BOB BOGAN TO AN ART OPENING IN SAN FRANCISCO. THE ART WAS OF NO INTEREST TO ME, BUT THERE, STANDING AND LOOKING AT A PIECE OF ART ON THE WALL WAS THIS GIRL — BOYING! — MY HEART WENT RIGHT UP INTO MY THROAT AT THE SIGHT OF HER — SHE WAS OF AVERAGE HEIGHT, CUTE FACE WITH BIG LIPS, AND, OH MY GOD, SUCH A RADICAL FORWARD PELVIC TILT, SUCH A SHELF IN THE BACK AS YOU RARELY SEE ON A WHITE WOMAN — THE ASS BOLDLY THRUST OUT BEHIND, LIKE TWO BASKETBALLS, THE LEGS, STANDING APART, FAR IN THE REAR OF THE UPPER BODY; THE WHOLE THING SO TOTALLY CUTE AND APPEALING. I WAS TRANSFIXED!

BOGAN, STANDING NEXT TO ME, SAW THE EXPRESSION ON MY FACE AND SAID, "HEY, I KNOW HER — I'LL INTRODUCE YOU." GOD LOVE 'IM, SHE, TOO, WAS A SCULPTOR, A STUDENT AT THE ART INSTITUTE. THAT NIGHT, OVER A ROMANTIC DINNER BY CANDLELIGHT, I BROACHED A SUBJECT THAT HAD BEEN ON MY MIND. "SO, UH, YOUR ASS LOOKS LIKE IT WOULD BE STRONG." FAME HAD MADE ME COCKY, BOLD... A JERK IN SOME WAYS... "OH, IT'S PRETTY STRONG ALRIGHT," KATHY REPLIED IN A FRIENDLY, ENTHUSIASTIC MANNER. A REAL MEETING OF THE MINDS... THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF A FIVE-YEAR LONG BEAUTIFUL THING. AND IT WAS TRUE: THAT ASS WAS INCREDIBLY STRONG! I SPENT HOURS SITTING ON TOP OF IT WHILE SHE CASUALLY FLOPPED IT UP AND DOWN... IT WAS AN AMAZING SENSATION, BEING BOUNCED ON KATHY'S ASS! I ALSO SPANKED IT, POUNDED ON IT, PRACTICED KARATE ON IT... THAT BUTT NEEDED VIGOROUS ATTENTION! OH WE HAD FUN. KATHY LIKED TO WALLOW ALL DAY LONG, PLAYING SEX GAMES. SHE WAS WILD, ADVENTUROUS, IMAGINATIVE. OFTEN SHE INITIATED

THINGS WHICH EVEN I HAD NEVER THOUGHT OF—ACTIVITIES WHICH SIMPLY POPPED MY BULB! "LIKE WHAT," YOU MIGHT ASK. WELL, I CAN'T REALLY GO INTO THE DETAILS... KATHY IS ALREADY THREATENING TO SUE ME FOR TALKING ABOUT HER IS THIS INTRODUCTION (SHE IS NOW LIVING ON THE EAST COAST, A RESPECTABLE TEACHER AT A PRIVATE ART SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, AND STILL A WORKING SCULPTOR).

NEITHER OF US HAD A PRACTICAL BONE IN OUR BODIES. THAT'S WHAT CAUSED ALL THE FIGHTS. WE HAD NOT AN OUNCE OF GOOD SENSE BETWEEN US; A COUPLE OF "CRAZY ARTISTS." WE COULDN'T "GET IT TOGETHER." THIS LED TO BIG TROUBLE... CHAOS, MISUNDERSTANDINGS, BROKEN PROMISES, MUCH WEEPING AND GNASHING OF TEETH. KATHY'S MOTHER WAS JEWISH, FATHER BLACK IRISH... A FORMIDABLE GENETIC HERITAGE... SHE WAS A SPOILED PRINCESS BRAT COUPLED WITH A HOTLY PASSIONATE, QUICK-TEMPERED CEF. ONE TIME I MADE SOME DIG AT HER AND SHE HAULED OFF AND SLUGGED ME SO HARD I SPONTANEOUSLY BURST INTO TEARS, BLUBBERING, "WHUDDJA DO THAT FOR??" IT WAS VERY EMBARRASSING. SHE WAS A STRONG GIRL WITH POWERFUL ARMS. SHE ENJOYED SHOWING OFF HER BICEPS AT PARTIES, AND I SUPPOSE THEY CAME IN HANDY IN HER SCULPTING WORK. SHE ALSO KICKED ME IN THE SHINS ONCE WITH HER THICK-SOLED BOOTS ON THAT I'D BOUGHT FOR HER. I STILL HAVE THE DENT IN MY SHINBONE TO THIS DAY. BUT THEN I BUSTED A CHAIR ON HER ONCE, THE MOST VIOLENT ACT OF MY ADULTHOOD. THE CHAIR WAS IN SPLINTERS, BUT SHE KEPT COMING AT ME, SEEMINGLY UNPERTURBED. I BASHED HER REPEATEDLY WITH THE DIS-INTEGRATING CHAIR BUT ONLY SUCCEEDED IN GASHING MY OWN FOREHEAD AND GETTING SO MUCH OF MY OWN BLOOD ON MY GLASSES THAT I WAS BLINDED.

WE HAD PUBLIC FIGHTS IN THE STREETS IN FRONT OF CROWDS OF ONLOOKERS. ONCE WE WERE QUARRELING IN HER CAR. AT THE NEXT STOPLIGHT, I OPENED THE DOOR, JUMPED OUT, AND BEGAN WALKING AWAY. KATHY LEFT THE CAR STANDING THERE AND CHASED AFTER ME, GRABBING ME BY MY CLOTHES. WE STRUGGLED AS I TRIED TO PULL AWAY FROM HER, ATTRACTING A SMALL AUDIENCE. TWO YOUNG WOMEN CAME FORWARD SHOUTING, "IS THIS MAN ATTACKING YOU? SHOULD WE GO FOR THE POLICE?" I HAD JUST BEEN PLAYING MUSIC ON THE STREET THAT DAY WITH THE "CHEAP SUIT SERENADERS," AND HAD ROCKETS FULL OF CHANGE. I PULLED OUT HANDFULS OF COINS AND THREW THEM UP IN THE AIR. THE CROWD WENT SCURRYING AFTER THE MONEY AS WE STOOD THERE ARGUING... SEEMS HUMOROUS NOW, BUT AT THE TIME, JESUS, IT WAS DEPRESSING!

OUR RELATIONSHIP WAS A PUBLIC SPECTACLE. WE HAD NO SHAME. I GUESS WE GOT SOME KIND OF EXHIBITIONISTIC KICK OUT OF IT. KATHY WORE THE SHORTEST, MOST PROVOCATIVE OUTFITS IN PUBLIC IN THE EARLY 'SEVENTIES. IT WAS A SIGN OF THE TIMES, OF COURSE. HER UNDERPANTS WERE ALWAYS PEERING OUT FROM UNDER HER SHORT SKIRTS, CUT-OFFS, ETC. I WAS OUT OF CONTROL, TOO, MAULING HER IN PUBLIC PLACES ALL THE TIME. AT THE SUPERMARKET I WOULD CLIMB ON HER PROTRUDING RUMP AND GO FOR A RIDE WHILE SHE PUSHED THE CART AROUND. SHE'D WHINE, "ROBERT, PEOPLE ARE STARING." I REMEMBER HER TELLING A SHOCKED GROUP OF HER WOMEN FRIENDS, IN DETAIL, THE SICK THINGS I "FORCED" HER TO DO IN OUR SEX PLAY. THEY GLARED AT ME AS I COWERED IN A CORNER, SECRETLY GLOATING... AND SO WAS SHE, THE LITTLE HYPOCRITE!

SHE BECAME PROGRESSIVELY MORE INVOLVED IN THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT THROUGH THE YEARS I WAS TANGLED UP WITH HER. SHE GOT SO SHE COULD SPOUT AN ELOQUENT DIATRIBE ON THE POLITICS OF MALE SUPREMACY, BUT ALL THE CONSCIOUSNESS-RAISING WOMEN'S GROUP MEETINGS SEEMED TO HAVE NO EFFECT ON THE MECHANICS OF OUR CRAZY RELATIONSHIP, EXCEPT MAYBE TO ENLARGE HER VOCABULARY OF EPITHETS TO HURL AT MY HEAD WHEN SHE WAS SORE AT ME, AND OUR SEX LIFE JUST GOT BETTER AND BETTER.

ANOTHER BONE OF CONTENTION BETWEEN US WAS THE ART THING. SHE ALWAYS HAD NOTHING BUT THE HIGHEST COMPLIMENTS FOR MY WORK, WHILE I WAS SOMEWHAT FLIP-PANT ABOUT HERS. HER WORK WAS UNFATHOMABLE TO ME, THESE OFF-THE-WALL PIECES OF MODERNISTIC SCULPTURE WHICH LEFT ME COMPLETELY BAFLED. MOST OF HER FRIENDS, MEN AND WOMEN, WERE ALSO IN THE

FINE ART GAME. WE WENT TO A LOT OF ART OPENINGS AND HUNG OUT WITH THESE PEOPLE, AND I COULD NEVER GRASP WHAT EXACTLY THEY WERE UP TO WITH THEIR ART. AT FIRST I WOULD MAKE SARCASTIC COMMENTS BUT THEY WERE SO HIGHLY OFFENDED, KATHY INCLUDED, THAT AFTER AWHILE I LEARNED TO KEEP MY SMART-ASS WITTICISMS TO MYSELF... I THINK THEY ALL LOOKED UPON ME AS A SOMEWHAT UNCULTIVATED PERSON OF MIDDLE-BROW SENSIBILITIES BUT WITH, PERHAPS, A TOUCH OF ECCENTRIC CREATIVE GENIUS... HM... SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT.

YET ANOTHER SORE SPOT BETWEEN KATHY AND ME WAS MY EVER-WANDERING EYE FOR OTHER WOMEN... I WAS ALWAYS CHASING AFTER DIFFERENT ONES, JUMPING ON THEM IN FRONT OF HER (ONE OF THESE INCIDENTS WAS THE INSTIGATION FOR MY DENTED SHINBONE), EVEN HER ROOMMATE, LELA! THESE TWO LIVED TOGETHER FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS. LELA WAS A WONDERFULLY ENDOWED BLONDE AMAZON OF RUSSIAN DESCENT, A WILD PARTY GIRL, UP FOR ANYTHING. I COULDN'T STOP MYSELF. KATHY WOULD STAND THERE GLOWERING AT US AS WE "HORSED AROUND," OR STORM OUT OF THE ROOM. SHE WASN'T A GOOD SPORT ABOUT IT AT ALL! WITH KATHY ABSENT WE'D GO AT IT IN EARNEST! THEN LATER WE'D BOTH HAVE TO GO AND CONTRITELY SOOTHE HER HURT FEELINGS. I'D BE EXTRA NICE AND ATTENTIVE FOR AWHILE. OY, THAT LELA! WHAT A SPECIMEN! A COUPLE OF TIMES I TRIED TO GET THEM BOTH TO PARTICIPATE IN A THREESOME, BUT KATHY WOULDN'T GO FOR IT. OH WELL, CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING...

ONCE WE ALL WENT TO THE RUSSIAN RIVER TOGETHER, ME, KATHY, LELA, AND ANOTHER ROOMMATE OF THEIRS, A CUTE WOMAN ARTIST NAMED DOTTY. WE ALL GOT NAKED, CAVORTING IN THE WATER, IN A PRETTY SPOT WE HAD ALL TO OURSELVES. I REMEMBER AT THE TIME THINKING, "HERE I AM, THE ONLY BOY WITH THREE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS, CARE-FREE IN THIS EDEN-LIKE PLACE, THE GIRLS SO SWEET AND EAGER TO MAKE ME HAPPY—AH, THIS IS THE HIGH POINT OF MY YOUTH—A MOMENT I'LL CHERISH WHEN I'M OLD..."

YES, YES, IT WAS LOVELY, BUT FOR EVERY SUCH MOMENT THERE IS A PRICE: WEEKS AND MONTHS OF TEDIUM, AGGRAVATION, LOW-LEVEL MISERY IF YOU'RE LUCKY... ME AND KATHY, WE DROVE EACH OTHER NUTS. AFTER AWHILE, I'D GET A POWERFUL URGE TO FLEE, RUN AWAY. I'D GO RUNNING BACK TO MY CABIN IN POTTER VALLEY, THREE HOURS NORTH OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND HOLE UP THERE. SHE KEPT ME COMING AND GOING. AFTER A COUPLE OF WEEKS I'D DEVELOPE A SICK OBSSIVE CRAVING FOR HER, LIKE A DEPRIVED JUNKIE. MY REASONING POWERS WERE SCRAMBLED INTO MUSH. LIKE A MINDLESS ZOMBIE I WOULD RETURN TO HER FOR ANOTHER GO 'ROUND. WHEN I SAW HER I'D BE OVERCOME WITH SUCH VIOLENT ANIMAL LUST I'D BE CLAWING AT HER... PULLING AT HER CLOTHES. OH, WHAT SHE DID TO ME... IT'S CRIMINAL! GUESS I'VE CALMED DOWN A LITTLE SINCE THEN... HAVE A SLIGHTLY BETTER CONTROL OVER MY LIBIDO... MAYBE IT'S JUST A MATTER OF GETTING OLDER...

HOW'D I EVER GET ANY WORK DONE?? I LOOK AT ALL THE COMICS I CRANKED OUT THEN AND WONDER HOW I DID IT... PLUS, I WAS RUNNING ALL OVER THE GODDAMN COUNTRY. MOST OF "BIG ASS COMICS" I WAS DRAWN IN L.A., "MOTOR CITY" I IN DETROIT. I SPENT TIME IN CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, NEW YORK. FAME OPENED DOORS FOR ME EVERYWHERE. I COULD EASE RIGHT INTO THE LOCAL HIPPIE SCENE IN BIG COLLEGE TOWNS LIKE ANN ARBOR, MADISON, ETC. I DREW COMICS IN ALL THESE PLACES, AND MET GIRLS, AND HAD LOOSE SEX... I GOT THE CLAP, I GOT CRABS... LUCKY FOR OUR GENERATION THERE WAS NO AIDS YET. MOST OF THIS CASUAL SEX WASN'T ALL THAT TERRIFIC BUT YOU HAD TO GIVE IT A TRY... EXPERIMENT LIVE AND LEARN, TAKE A CHANCE... I DON'T REGRET ANY OF IT. THE ONLY ONES I REGRET ARE THE FABULOUS OPPORTUNITIES I FOOLISHLY PASSED UP... WONDERFUL GIRLS I COULDN'T HAVE SEX WITH BUT FOR LACK OF SELF-CONFIDENCE, COURAGE, CHUTZPAH... OH, I LET SOME GORGEOUS CREATURES SLIP THROUGH MY FINGERS IN THOSE DAYS... AHGH!

NOW I'M TOO OLD FOR THAT STUFF... I JUST WANT TO STAY IN MY ROOM... IT'S TOO HARD-ASS OUT THERE ANYMORE. THERE'S A LOT OF FEAR; IT'S TOO SCARY TO "HANG LOOSE" THESE DAYS. I FEEL SORRY FOR THESE KIDS TODAY. TIMES ARE TOUGH.

— R. CRUMB
WINTERS, SEPT, 1990

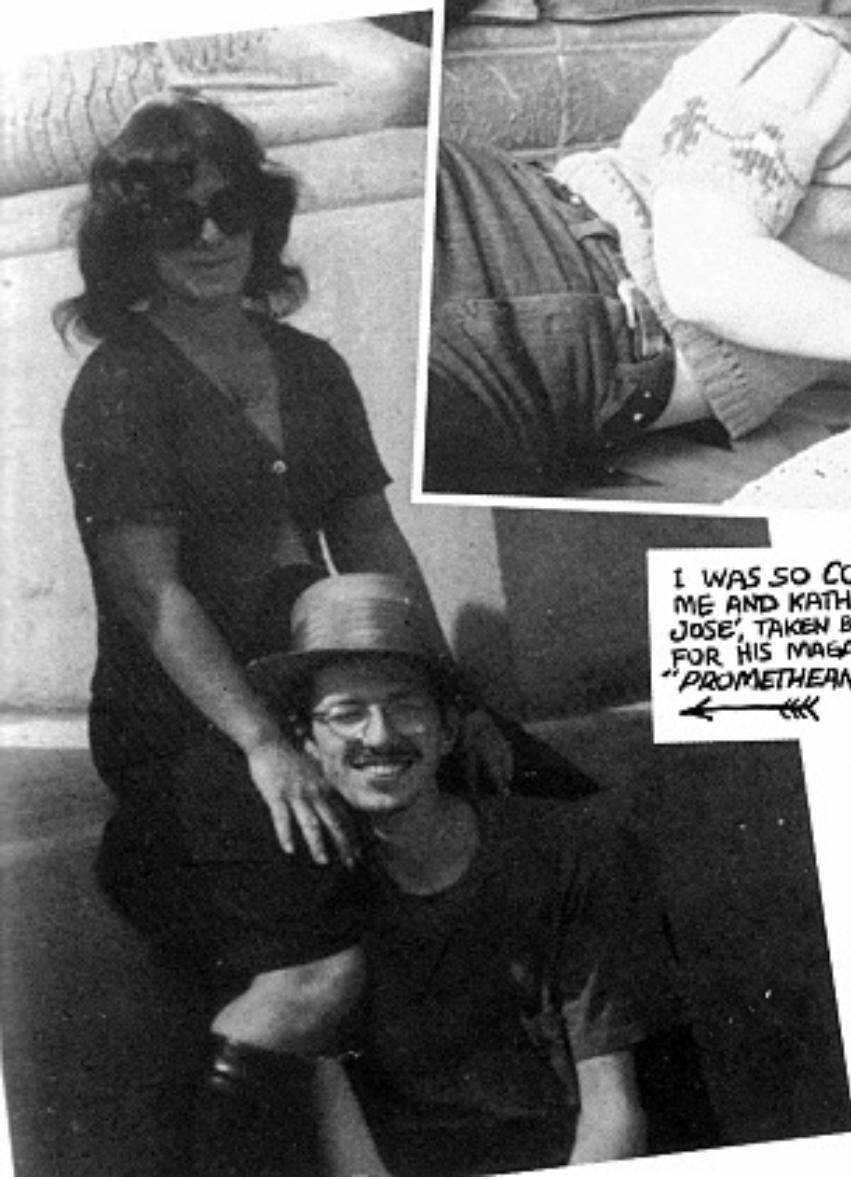
THREE PHOTOS TAKEN IN POTTER VALLEY, CALIF. KATHY DRESSED IN TYPICAL OUTFIT OF THE PERIOD. KID IN RIGHT-HAND PHOTO IS JESSE. THE LITTLE UPSTART USED TO TRY TO GET HER OFF ALONE AND MAKE HER PLAY "MOTORCYCLE" WITH HIM.



KATHY WORKING ON HER ART—GLUING DRIED LIMA BEANS TO LARGE PIECES OF COWHIDE. THIS WAS JUST BEFORE HER BONES AND BLOOD PERIOD.
←



I WAS SO COCKY THEN! ME AND KATHY IN SAN JOSE, TAKEN BY AL DAVOREN FOR HIS MAGAZINE, "PROMETHEAN ENTERPRISES." (1973)
←



KATHY
CIRCA
1975
(PHOTO BY
LELA)







Why Oh Why Oh Why
the Hell am I in

Motown City



YOU BETTER RUN, BOY! THAT TRUCK MEANS BIZNIZ! THEY DON'T FOOL AROUND IN MOTOWN!!!

R. "THE QUEER" CRUMB



WHAT'S ONE MAN TO THE KING & MOTOR CITY?

SORRY! IF YOU DON'T HAVE A HIGH-SCHOOL DIPLOMA, WE CAN'T USE YOU!



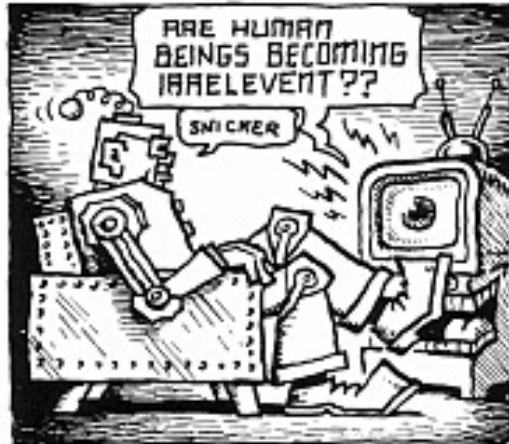
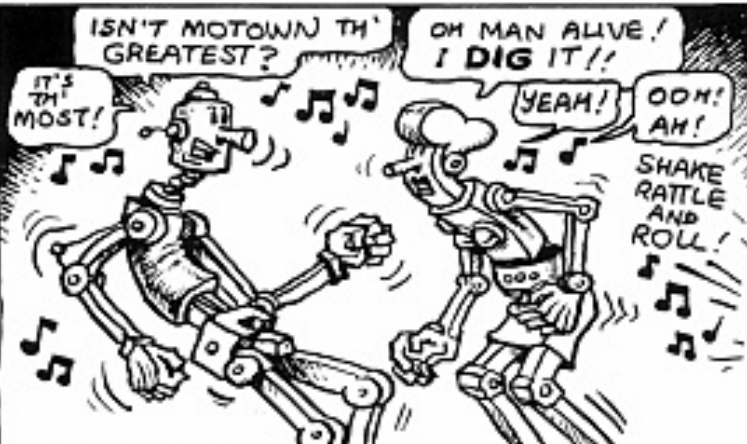
SO WHAT CAN Y' SAY BACK TO A MACHINE??

I DON'T WANNA WORK IN MOTOR CITY NO MORE...

I QUIT!



MOST OF THE CITIZENS DON'T SEEM TO MIND IT TOO MUCH!





A LOT OF THE KIDS ARE GETTIN' OUT OF MOTOR CITY WHILE THE GETTIN' IS GOOD!!



HIGHLIGHTS of DETROIT

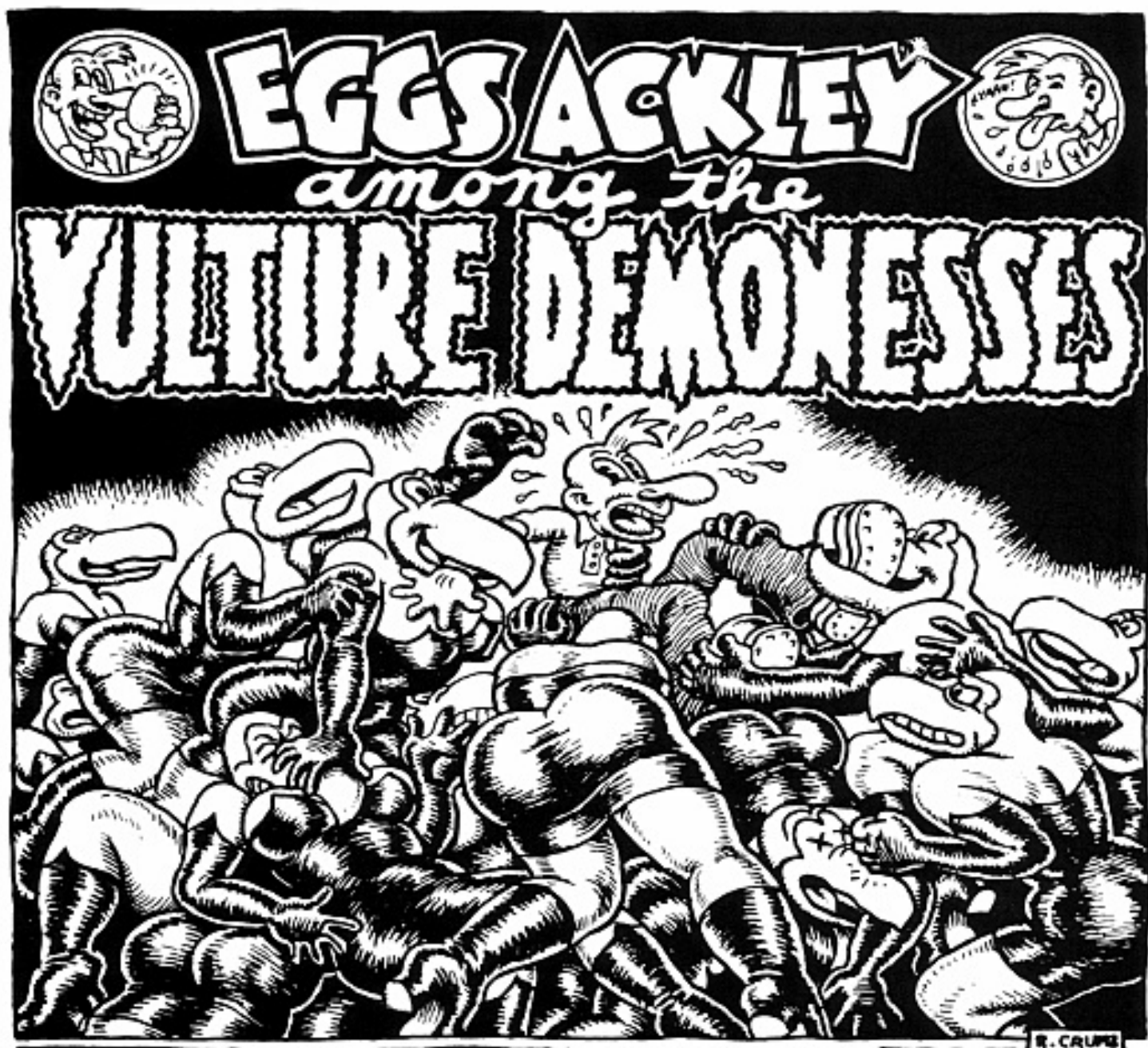


LIKE TO RIDE? THEN CLIMB ABOARD THE

BIG ASS



Hey all you castoffs of the degenerate Bourgeoisie! Come on, all you whiney, sniveling brats of the affluent middle class!! Hop right up there!! Let that Holy Mutha Big Ass carry you back Home!!



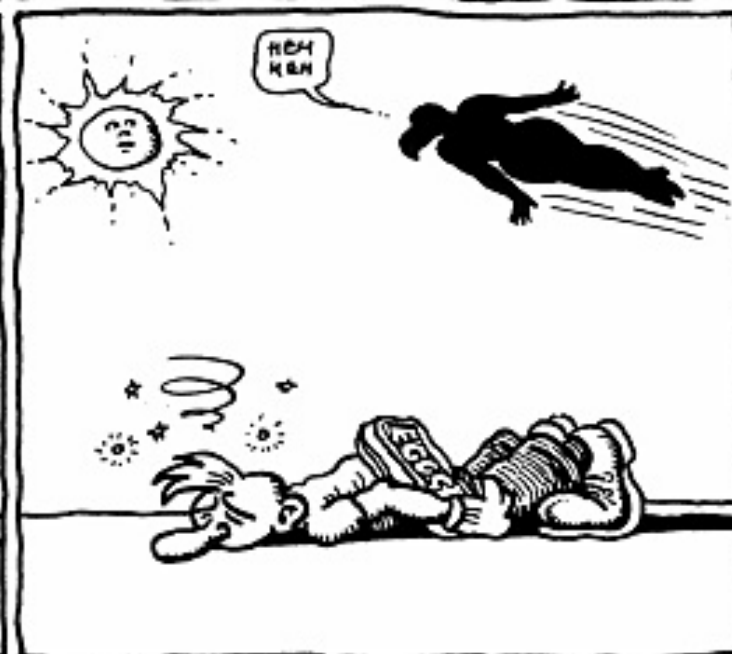
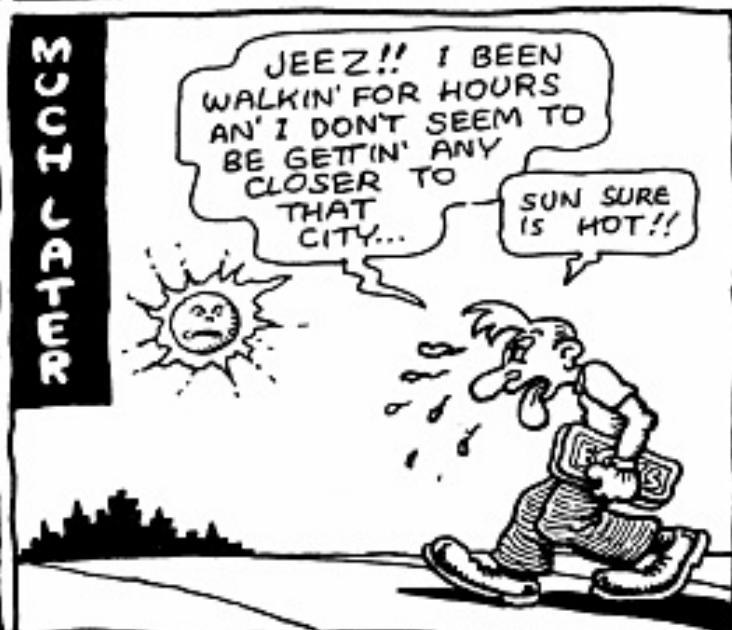
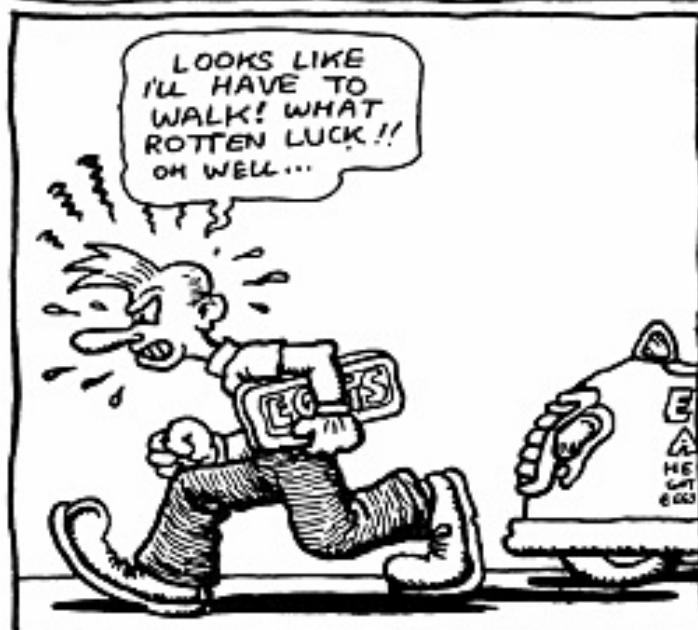
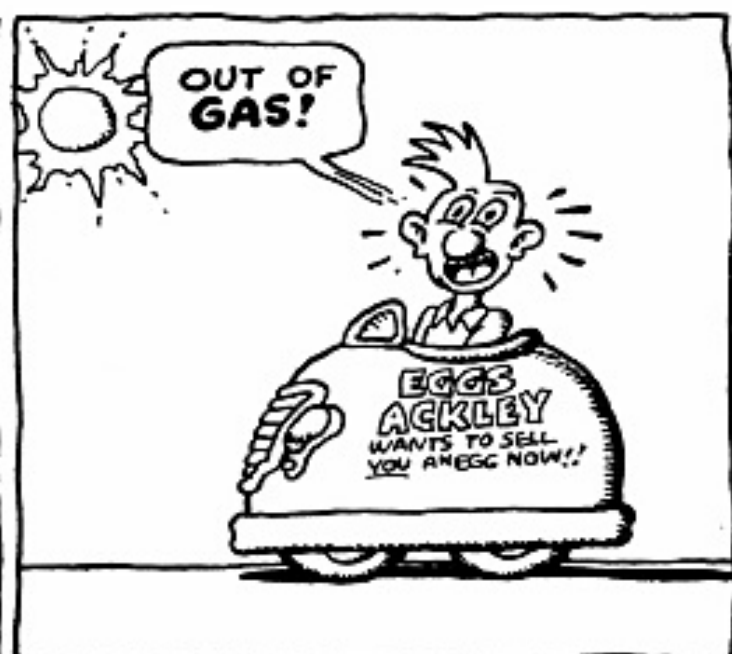
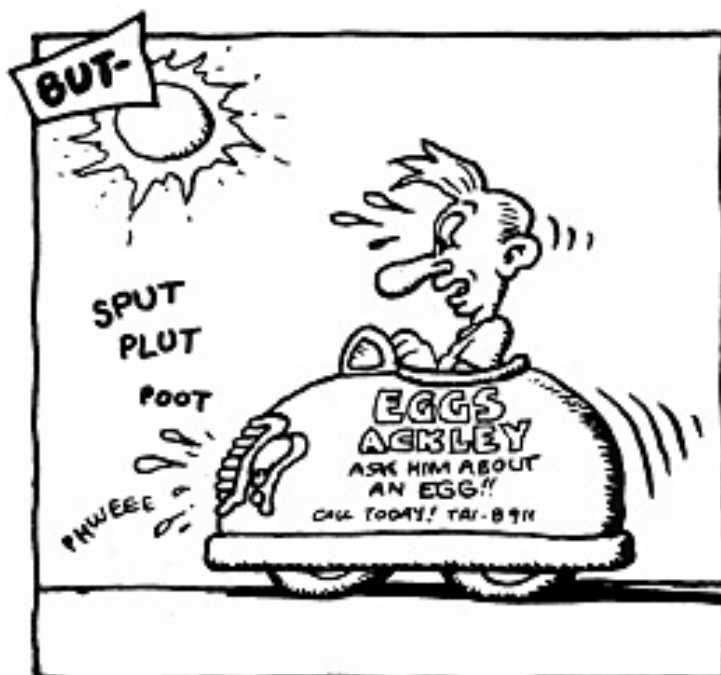
R. CRUMB

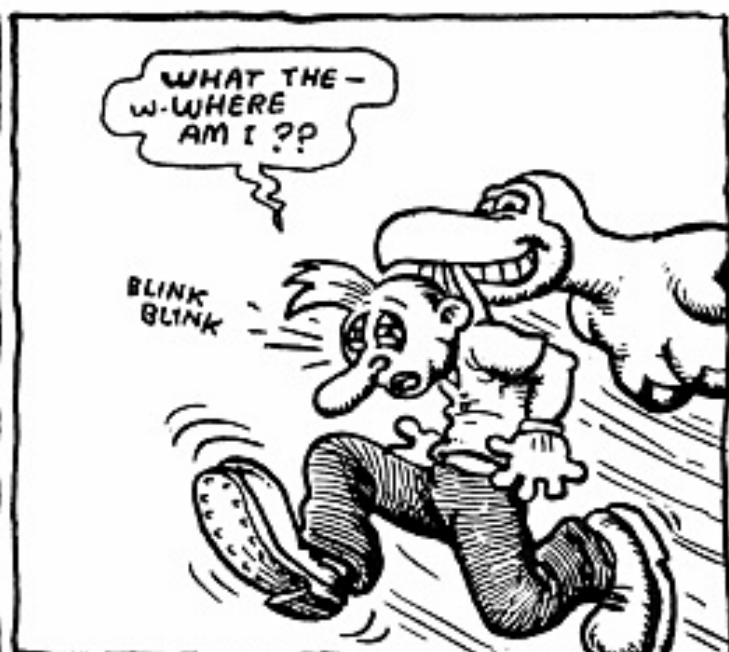
YES, I'VE SEARCHED FAR
AND WIDE LOOKING FOR
NEW PLACES TO SELL
MY WONDERFUL
EGGS!!

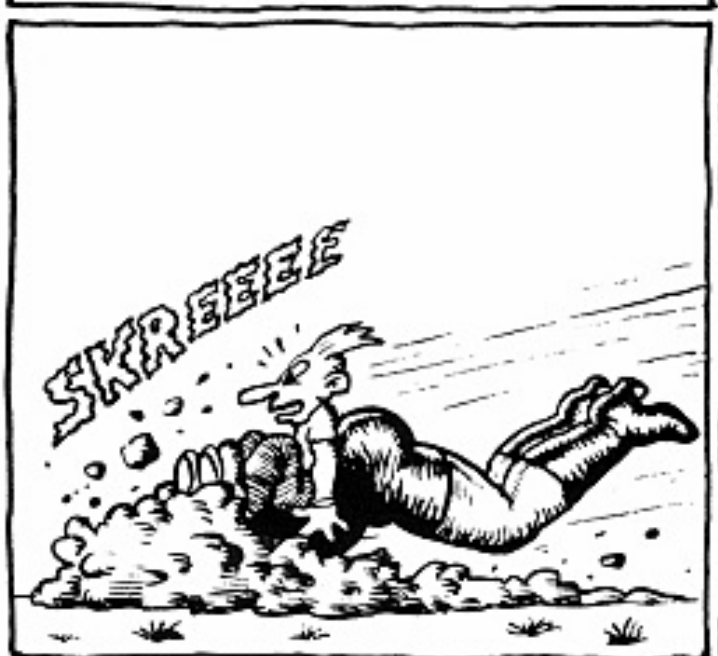


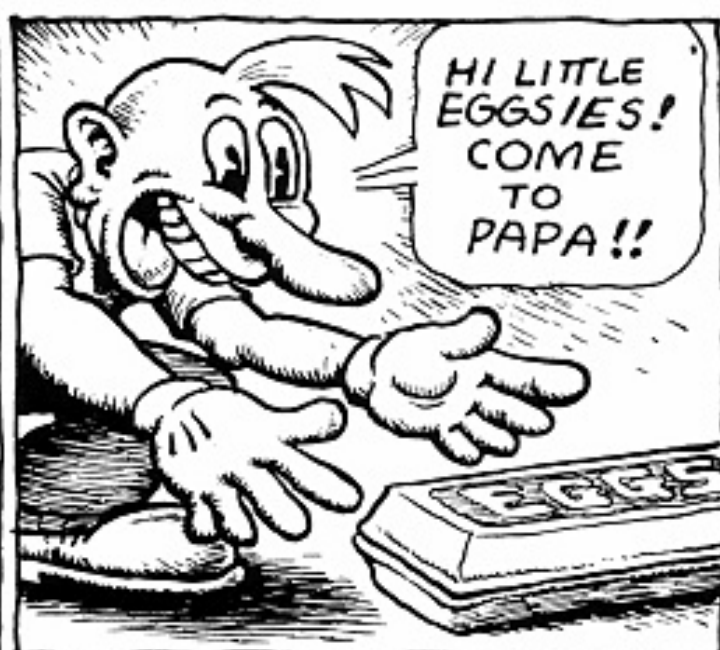
AH... THERE'S A BURG
I'VE NEVER BEEN IN
BEFORE! A WHOLE
NEW UNTAPPED TERRI-
TORY! CAR, DO
YOUR STUFF!

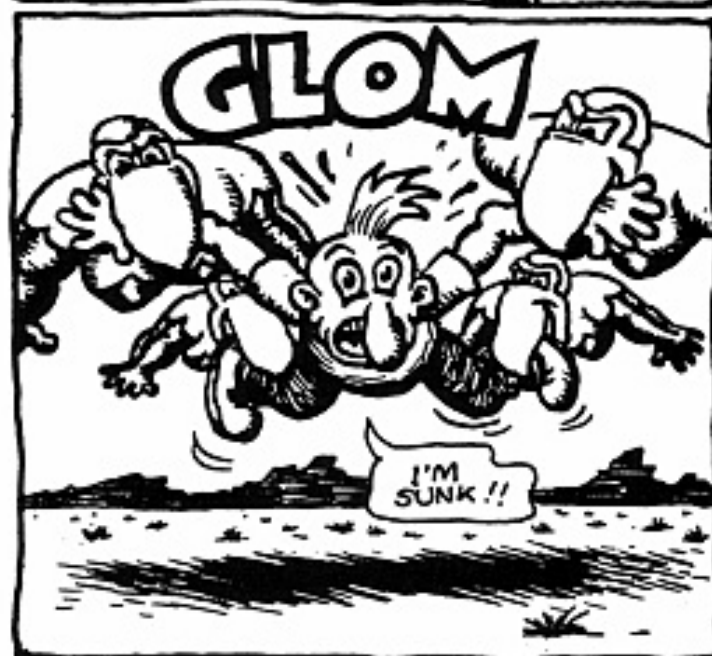
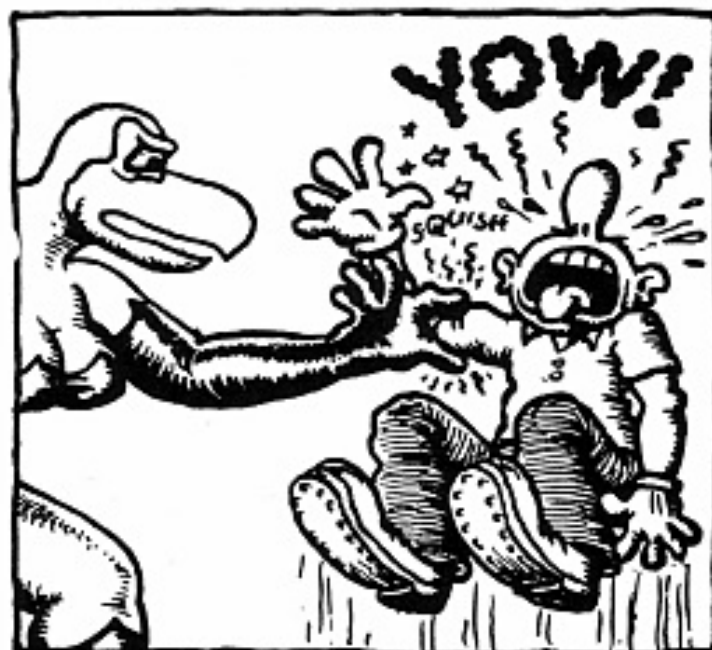


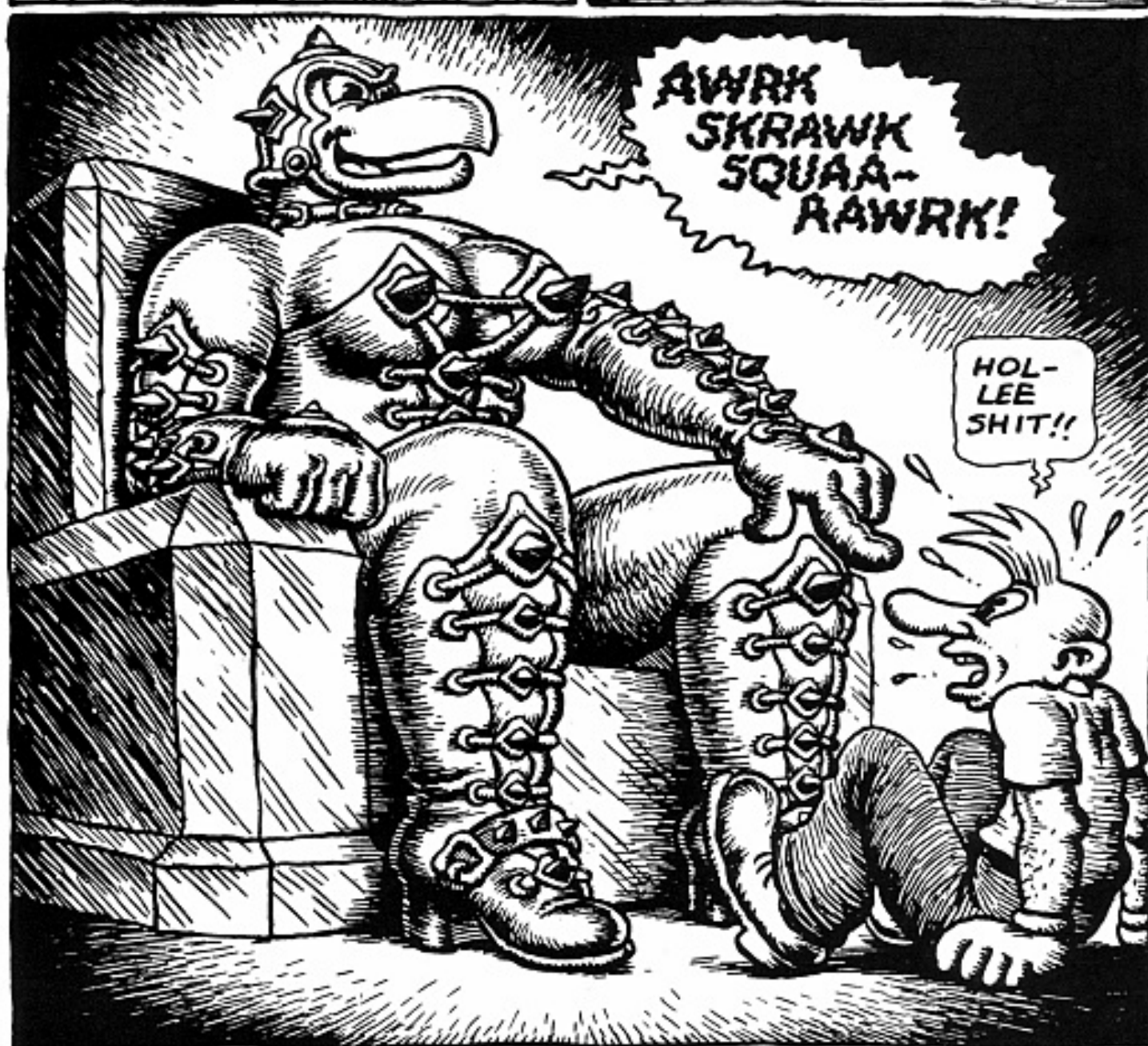
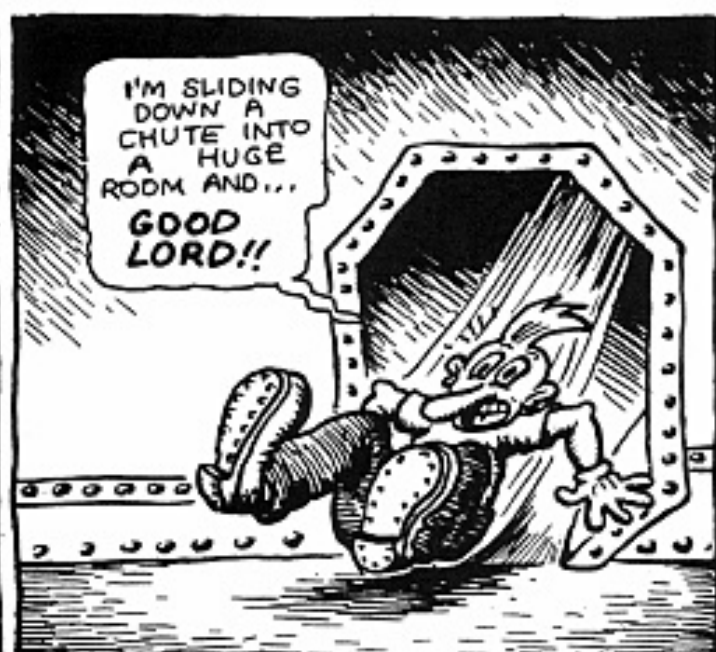


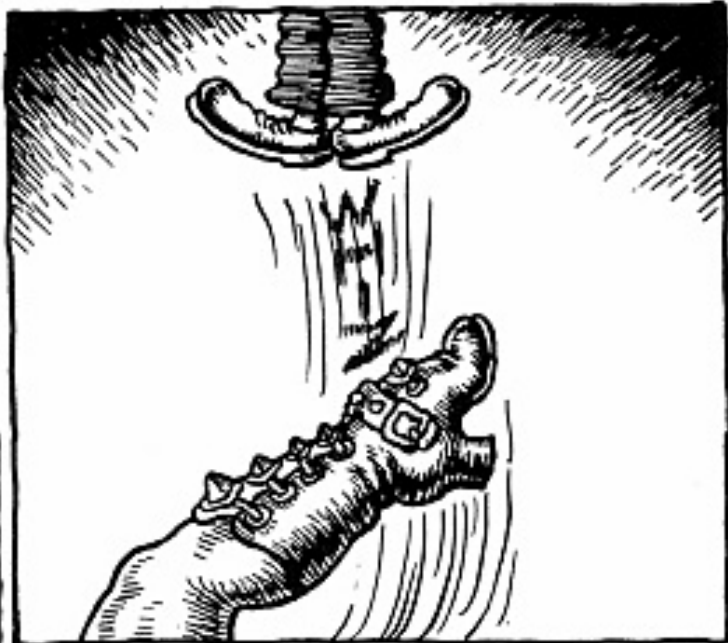
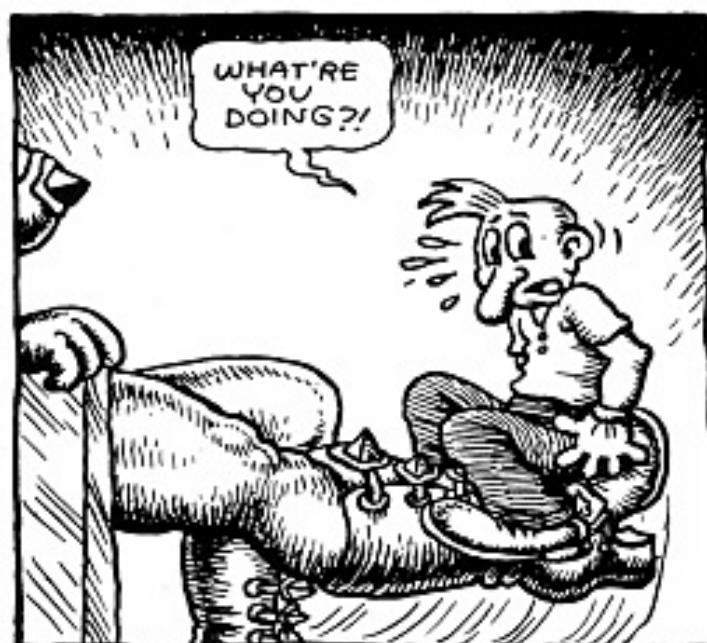


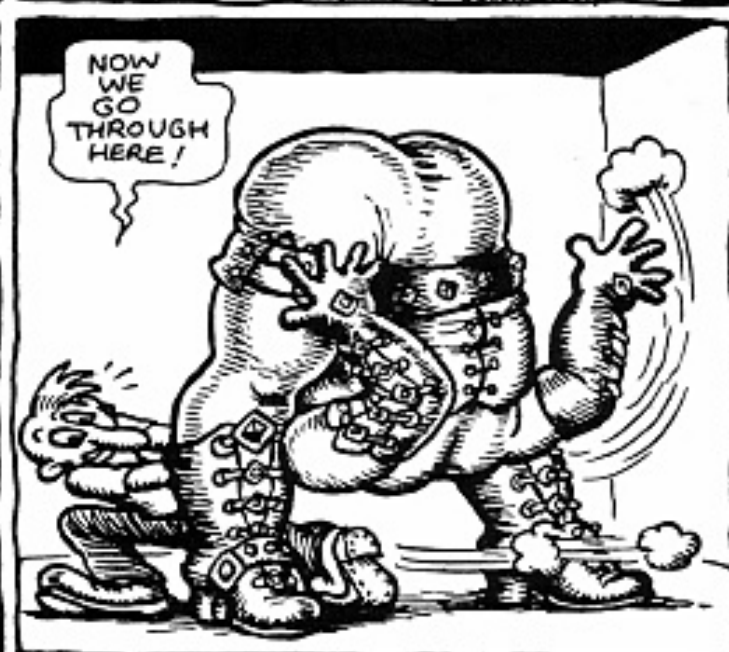
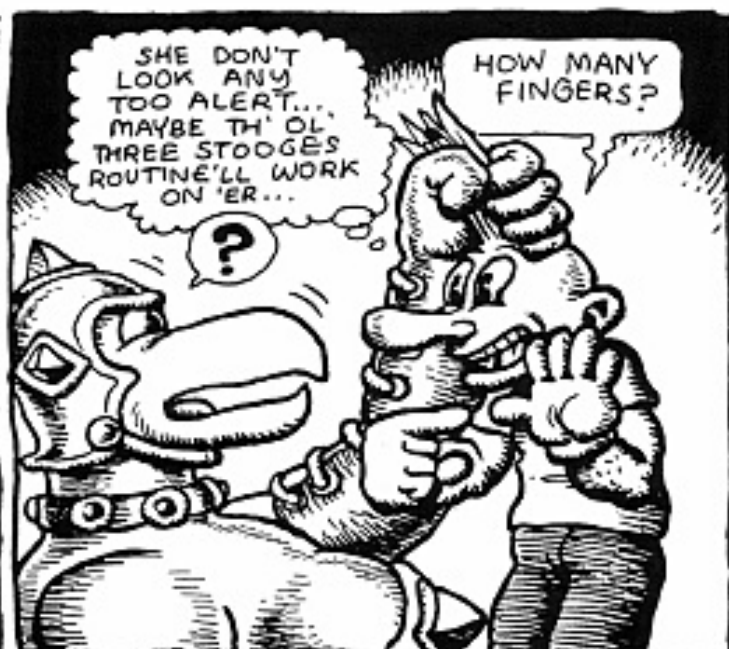


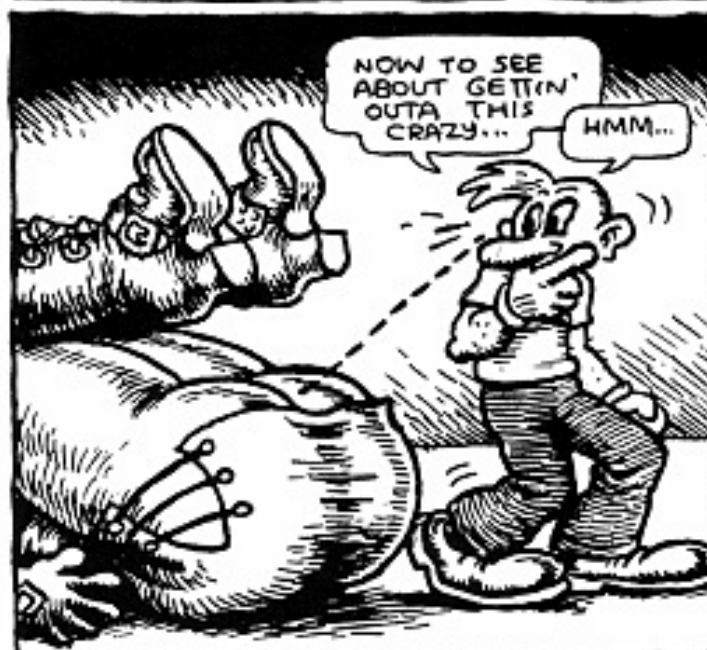
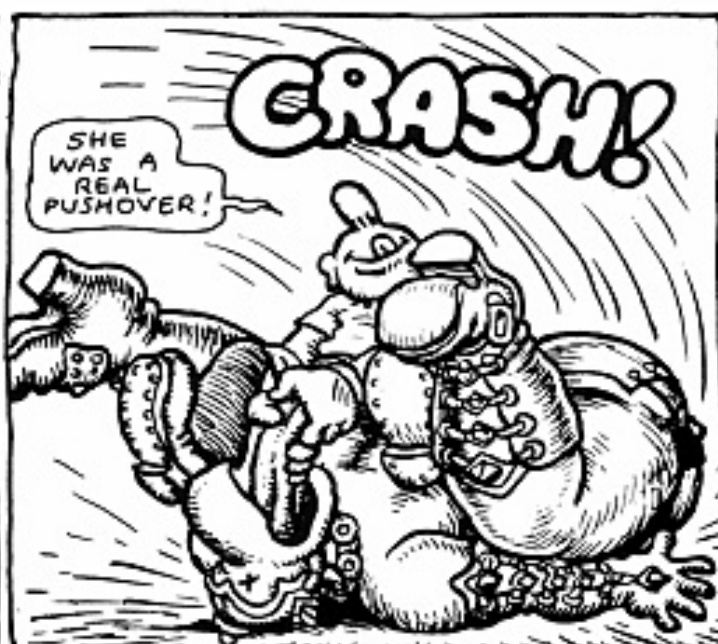
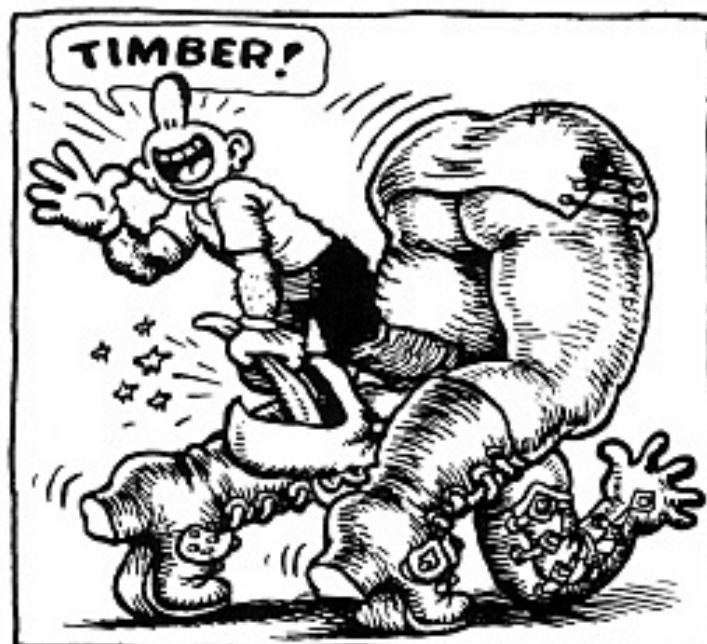


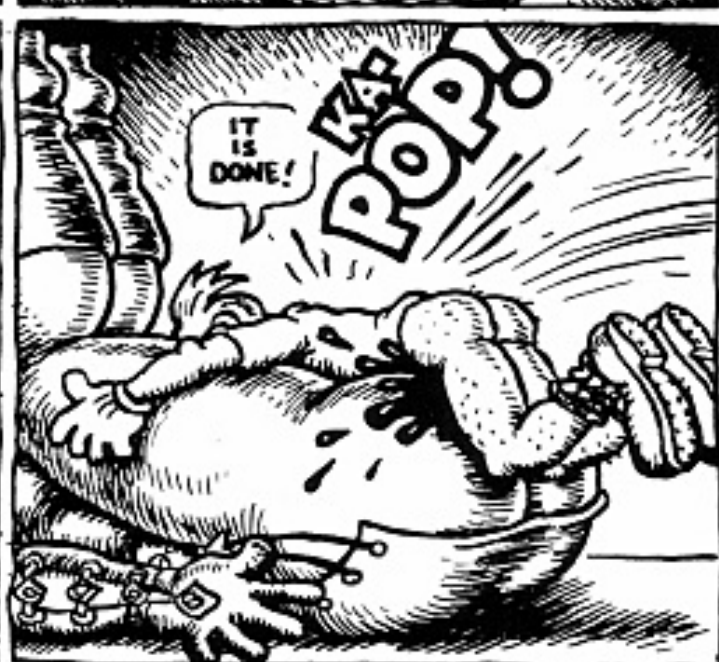
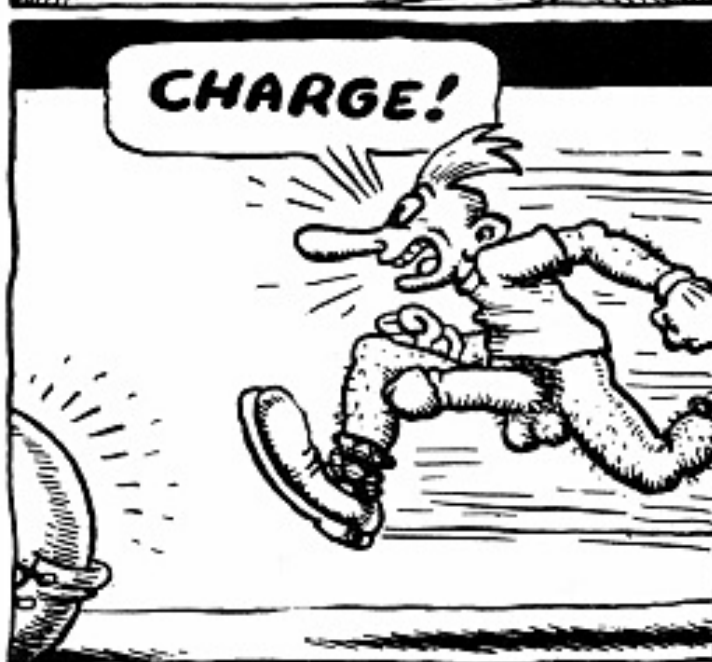


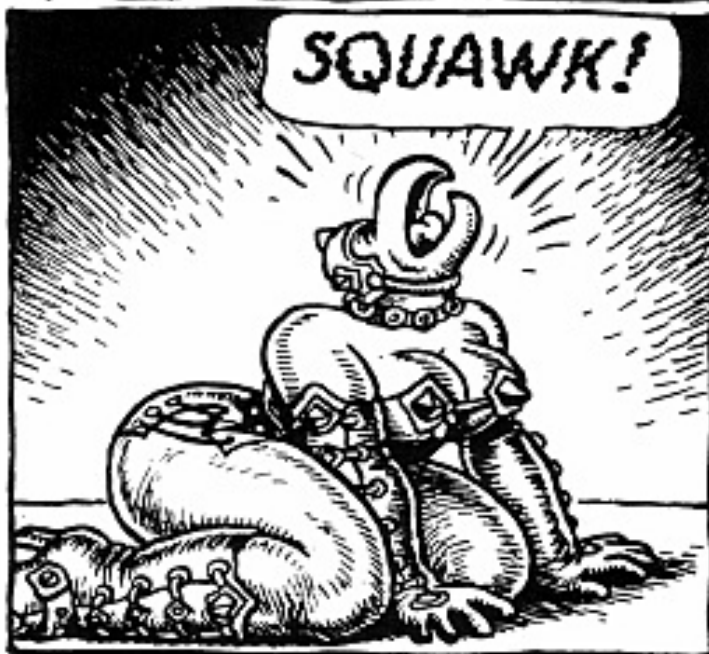


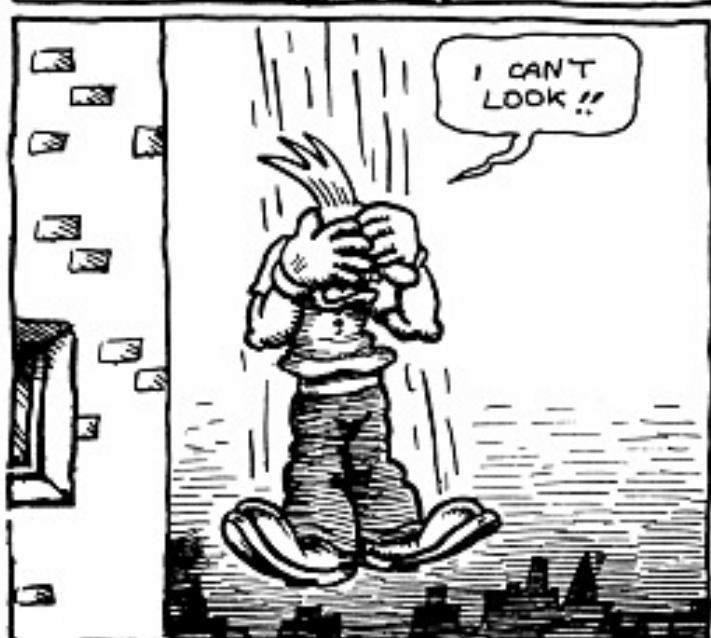


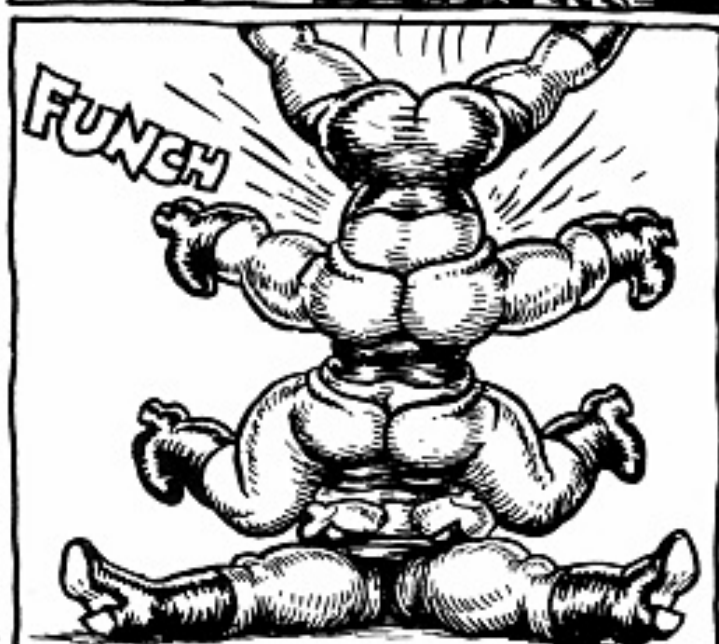
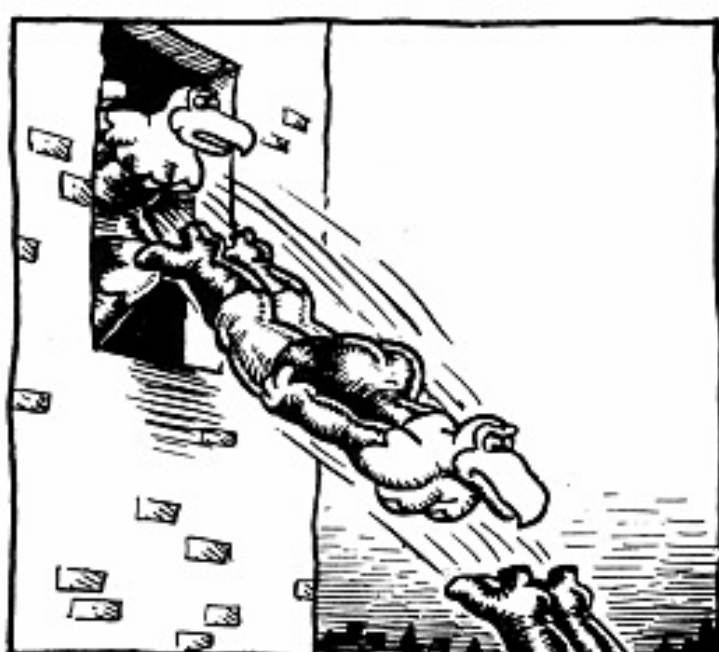


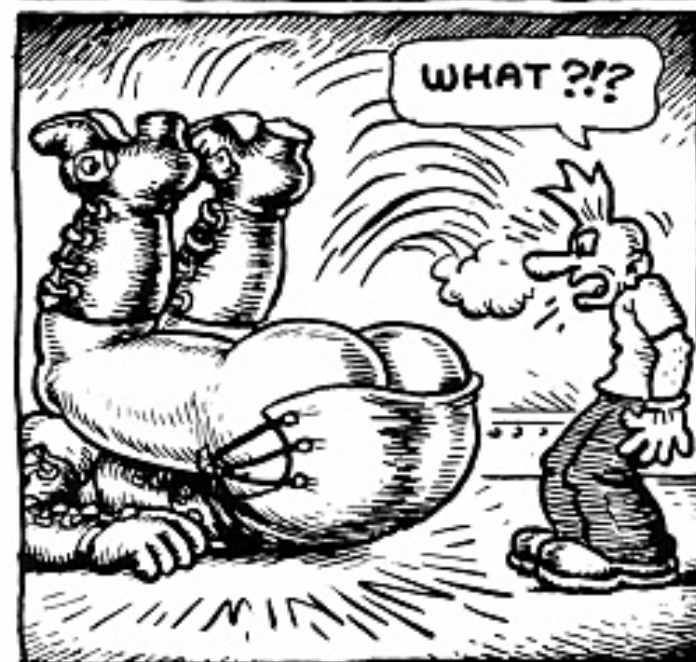
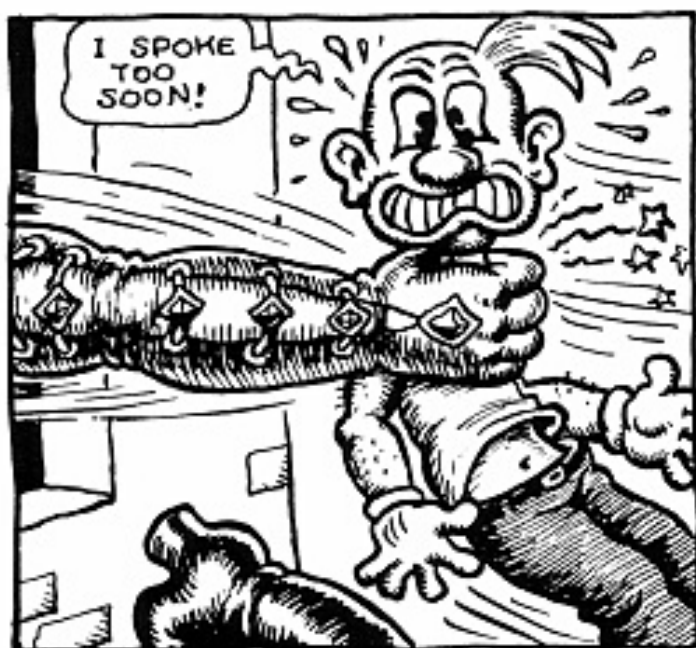












AND NOW FOR ALL YOU YID LOVERS,
(AND WHO ISN'T) IT'S
TIME FOR...

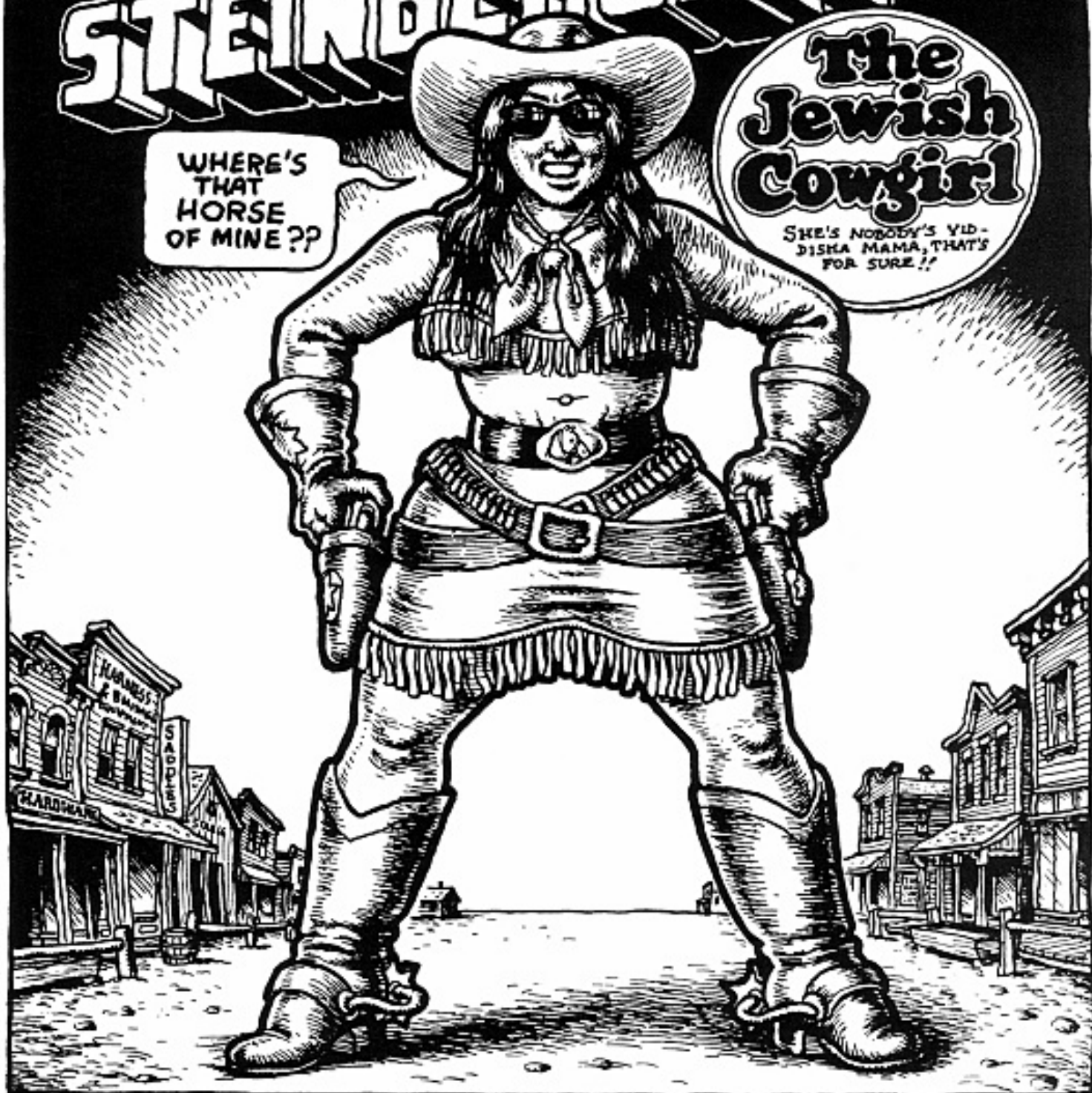
WHAT IS
THIS STRANGE
FASCINATION
WITH JEWISH
GIRLS??

DALE STEINBERGER

**The
Jewish
Cowgirl**

SHE'S NOBODY'S YID-
DISKA MAMA, THAT'S
FOR SURE!!

WHERE'S
THAT
HORSE
OF MINE??



DALE HAS BEEN HAVING A DISCIPLINE PROBLEM LATELY
WITH HER HORSE! THE MISERABLE BEAST HAS BECOME UNCOOP-
ERATIVE, SULLEN AND ILL-MANNERED OF RECENT DAYS. NOTHING
AGGRAVATES A COWGIRL MORE THAN HAVING TO KEEP HER HORSE IN LINE!

MEANWHILE, AT A LOCAL BAR ROOM...

SO I TOLD HER,
I SEZ, LIZ'N, GET OFF
MY BACK YA GODDAMN
BITCH, I'M SICK AN'
TIRED O' THIS SAME
OLD RODEO!!!

AN' THEN I
THROW 'ER
AN' SHE LANDS
HEAD FIRST IN
A MUD PUDDLE!
HAW HAW!!

BLAM
BLAM

ULP!

JUST AS I THOUGHT...
DRUNK AGAIN!! YOU
GOOD-FOR-NOTHING
IDIOT!

HEY DALE!!
DEY'S ANUDDA
MULE KICKIN' IN
YO' STALL!!
HEE HEE

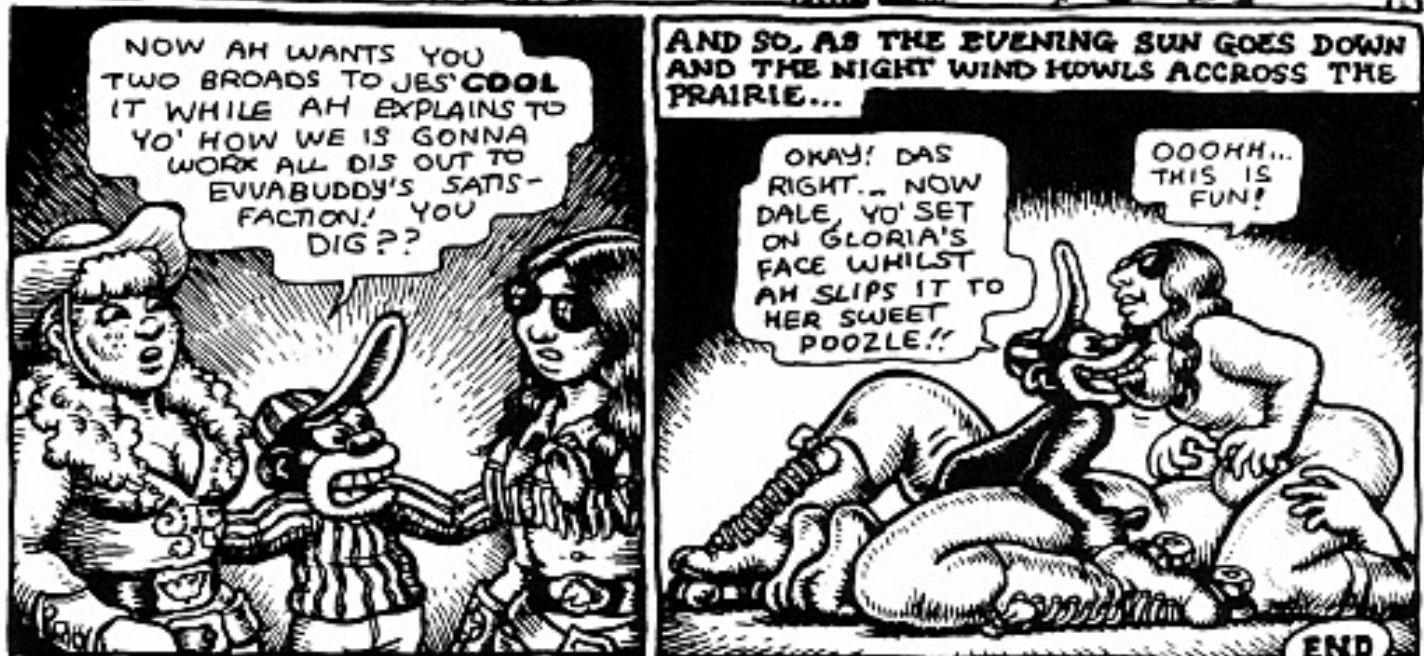
YOU SHUT-UP,
JOCKEY BOY!! I
DONT APPRECIATE
YOUR WISE
CRACKS!!

YAZ'IM!
ANYTHIN'
YO'
SAY!

BE A NICE
BOY AN' DONT
GIVE ME NO BACK
TALK! JUST GET
ON AN' RIDE YOUR
COWGIRL!!

GIDYAP!
LATER AH'LL
MILK YO'
TITS!!









ALL MEAT COMICS

IT'S FUN TO CRASH IN ALL-MEAT CARS!!

SPLAT!

I LIKE TA
SQUEEZE
FACES!WRETCH GAG I VOMIT
PUKE BARFSEE
BACK
COVERSMITTING
IS
PLEASURE GO
BABY
GO!!RIVERS
OF
BLOOD

PEW!

KA-BLAM

THERE
ARE
LOTS OF
BOUNCY
BABES!BOUNCE
BOUNCEBOUNCE
BOUNCE

SLORCH

ALL MEAT COMICS



MRS. QUIVER

SHE SHIVERS & SHAKES JUST LIKE JELLY ON A PLATE



R. CRUMB
presents

ARTSY FARTSY



HE'S REALLY
A HIP STUD
AND HAS A
COOL LIFE
STYLE AND
WOULD BE A
HELL OF A NEAT
GUY IF IT WAS-
N'T FOR THIS
STRANGE PROBLEM.

FOR EXAMPLE: 

ASPER
OEGUS!!

ARTSY!
OH
WOW!



HOW YA
BEEN,
BABY!?

OH WOW!
IT'S RILLY
GOOD T' SEE
YOU, ARTSY!!
IT'S BEEN
SO LONG!



LIS'N!
LEMMIE FILL
Y' IN ON
WHAT'S BEEN
GOIN' DOWN
SINCE I--

OH OH!

OH WOW!
I'D LOVE
TO HEAR
ALL ABOUT
YOUR TRIP
TO MEXICO!



I FEEL
ONE COMIN
ON...

YEAH, IT WAS
REALLY FAR OUT!
MET SOME
BEAUTIFUL TURNED
ON PEOPLE DOWN
THERE!

OH
WOW!



JEEZIZ!
IT'S GETTIN'
STRONGER...
OH GOD
NO...

UH... SOME
HEAVY CATS
DOWN
THERE--
UH...

OH
WOW?



OH LORD
I CAN'T STOP
IT!

'SCUSE ME,
I GOTTA
SPLAT,
I'LL DIG
YA LATER...



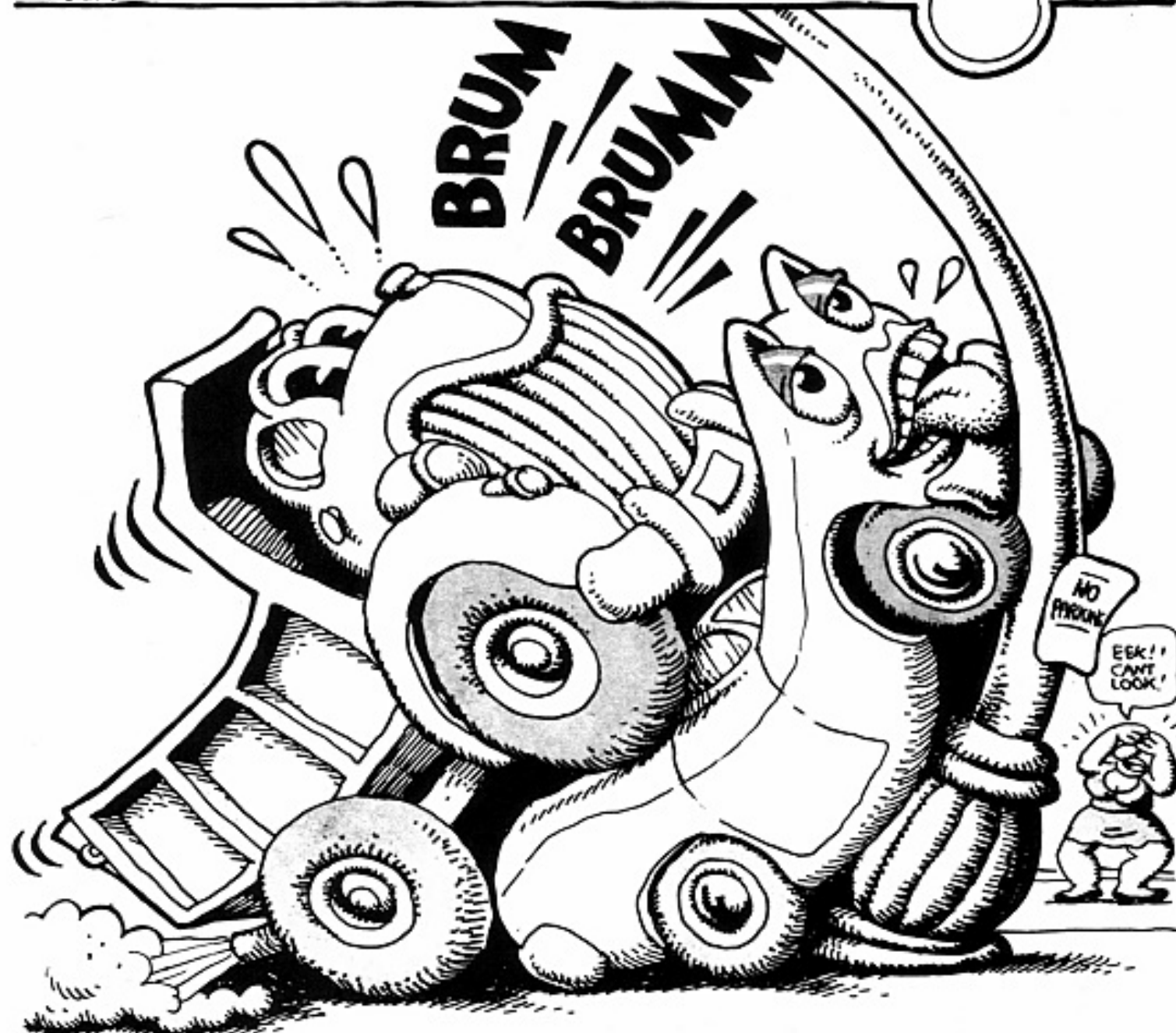
THIS ALLEY
WILL DO!



WHAT A BUMMER!
I'M TRIED CHANGING
MY DIET BUT
NOTHING
SEEMS TO
HELP...
GROAN...

...AND IT ALWAYS STINKS TO
HIGH HEAVEN! POOR GUY!!





A REVOLUTIONARY "FIRST!"

WE DARE TO SHOW "DOING IT" RIGHT ON THE FRONT PAGE!!!



JOE BLOW



JOE



LOIS



JOE JR. & "SIS"

HEY JOE! ARE YOU
PRETENDING TO WATCH
T.V. EVEN THOUGH
IT'S NOT ON??

YEP!



IT'S A NEW
GAME I AM
PLAYING WITH
MYSELF...

HOW
COME?

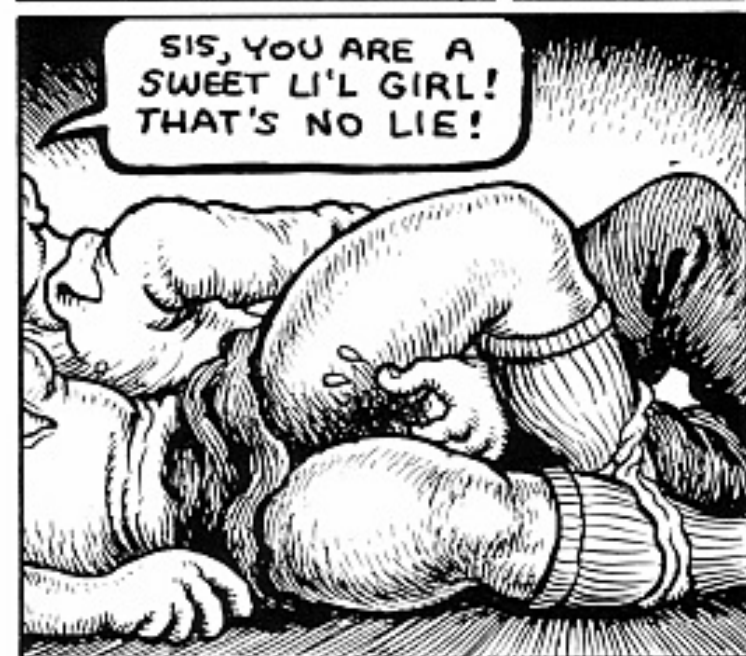


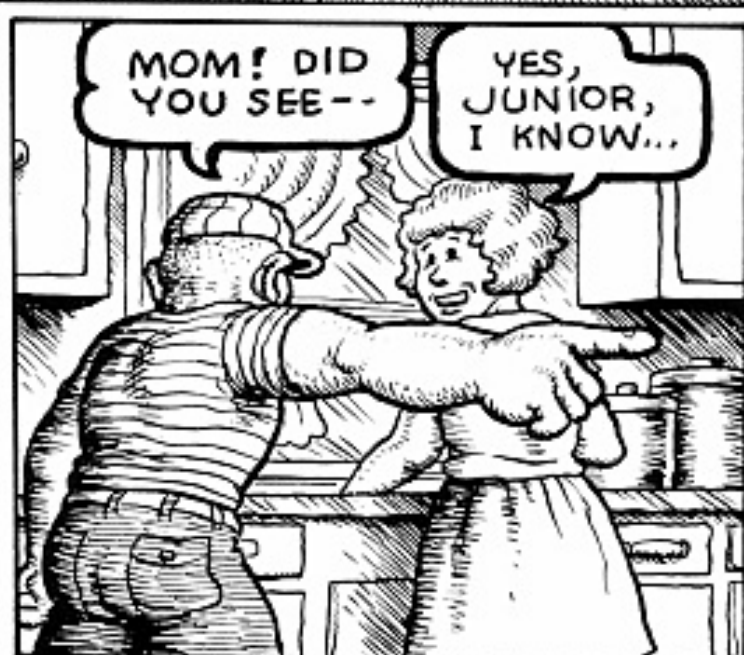
'CAUSE I CAN THINK
UP BETTER SHOWS THAN
THE ONES THAT ARE
ON! HA HA!

HEH
HEH







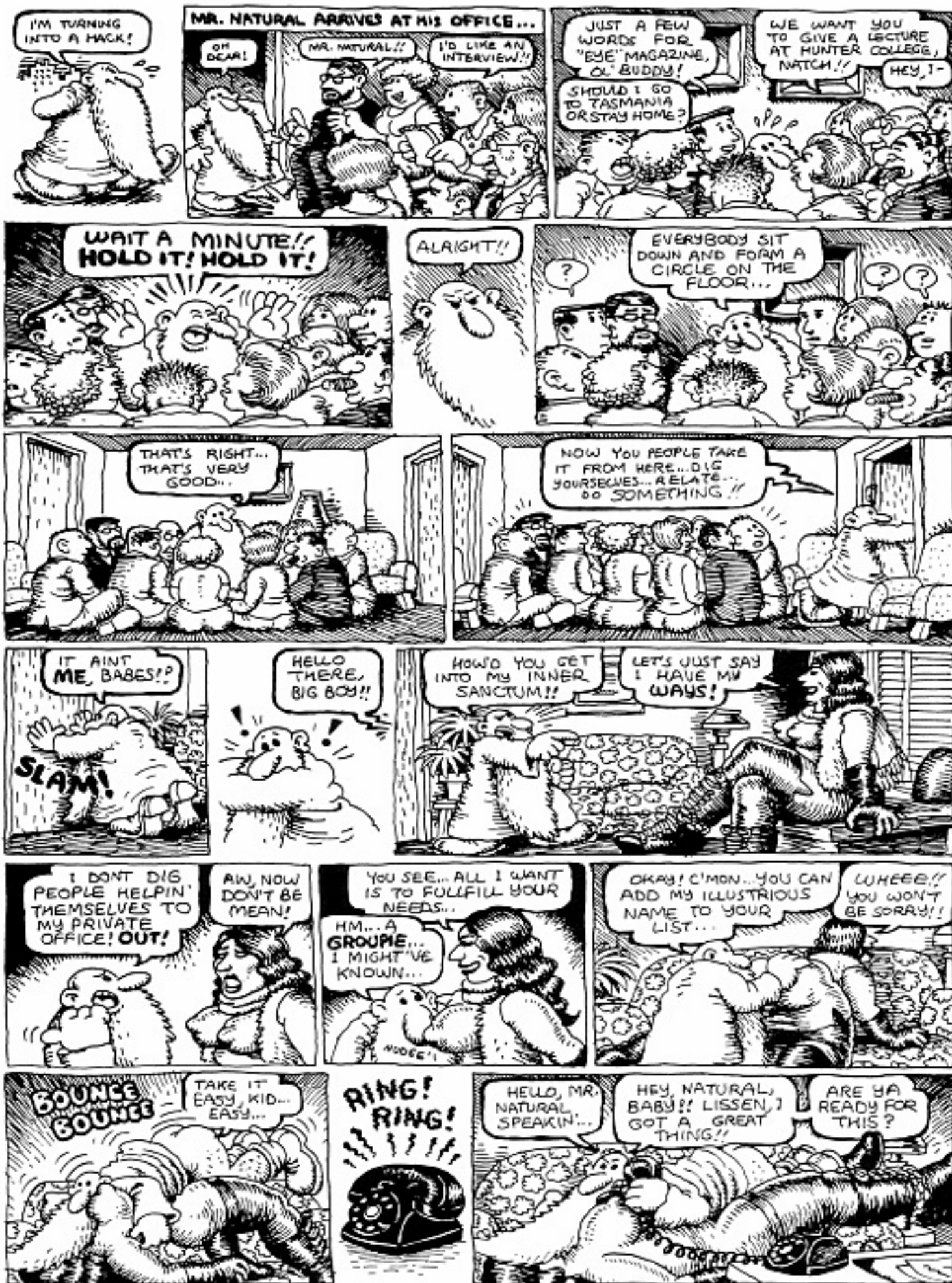






Mr Natural Takes a Vacation









HORNY HARRIET



HE'S GOT THE POWER!!



A TRUE-LIFE ADVENTURE

IT'S A SHORT LIFE BUT AN INTENSE ONE FOR THESE LITTLE GUYS!!



HERE THEY COME!! MILLIONS OF 'EM... FIGHTING THEIR WAY UPSTREAM!!!



AND THERE'S SPARKY... RIGHT UP IN FRONT!!

I'M THE TOUGHEST LI'L BAD-ASS SPERM THAT EVAH WUZ!!



HEY SPARKY... I WONDER WHAT IT IS... THIS "EGG"?

I DUNNO, SAL, BUT IT SURE IS AN UPHILL BATTLE ALL THE WAY!!



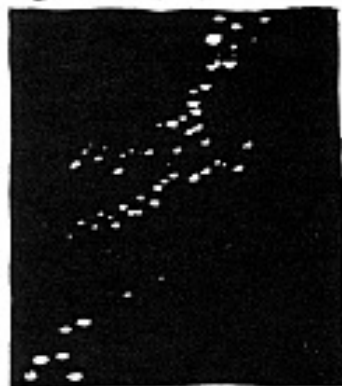
GEE...I'M TH' ONLY ONE LEFT...BUT I'M GETTIN' TIRED... PUFF...PANT...LET IT BE SOON...I CAN'T KEEP GOIN' MUCH - LONGER...



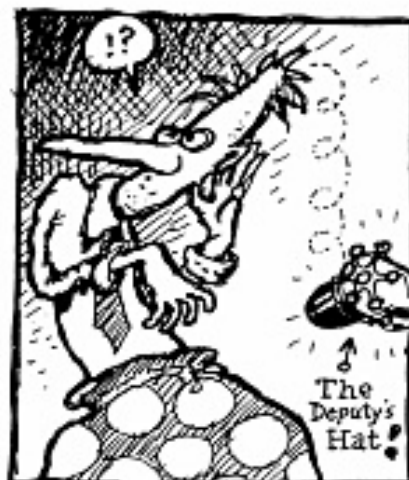
HOLY TOLEDO! WHAT'S THAT BIG THING COMIN' THE OTHER WAY!!! IT MUST BE... IT'S THE... THE... EGG!!



IN THE VERY BEGINNING,
A PHENOMINAL EVENT
OCCURRED...









SNATCH COMICS WRITHES AGAIN!



SNATCH COMICS NO. 3 AUGUST 1969 REPRODUCTION OF ALL
MATERIAL IN THIS MAGAZINE IS UP FOR GRABS AND IS O.K. WITH US...
FEEL FREE TO REPRINT...SPREAD IT AROUND...STREW YO' MESS...BUT PAY US...



YOU GOT THE WEENIE
SHE'S GOT THE BUN
PUT 'EM TOGETHER
BWAH, YOU'LL HAVE
SOME FUN!!

~ says Mr. Doggie



I "RELISH"
TH' IDEA OF
CUTIN TH'
"MUSTARD"
WITH YOU,
KID!

TEE HEE!
WELL, I HOPE
YER TH'
"FOOT-LONG"
KIND!

THE LUSCIOUS BRUNETTE CRINGED FEARFULLY IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM AS THE HUGE BRUTE ADVANCED ON HER! THE YOUNG WOMAN PRESSED HER SHAPELY BODY AGAINST THE WALL IN TERROR AND CRIED OUT...

**DON'T
TOUCH ME!**



A TRICKLE OF SALIVA RAN DOWN ONE SIDE OF HIS MOUTH IN ANTICIPATION OF THE MORSEL OF SEXUALITY HE WAS ABOUT TO ENJOY!



SHE COULD HEAR HIS HEAVY BREATHING AS HE APPROACHED HER, THE BEADS OF SWEAT ON HIS FOREHEAD GLISTENING IN THE DIM LIGHT OF THE ALLEY...



A SLOW GUTTERAL SOUND BEGAN EMITTING FROM DEEP WITHIN THE BEASTLY CHURL'S THROAT, AND GREW INTO A MANIACAL GIGGLE!



AS HE GOT CLOSER, SHE COULD SMELL HIS DISGUSTING HAIRY BODY AND HIS FILTHY UNWASHED CLOTHING...



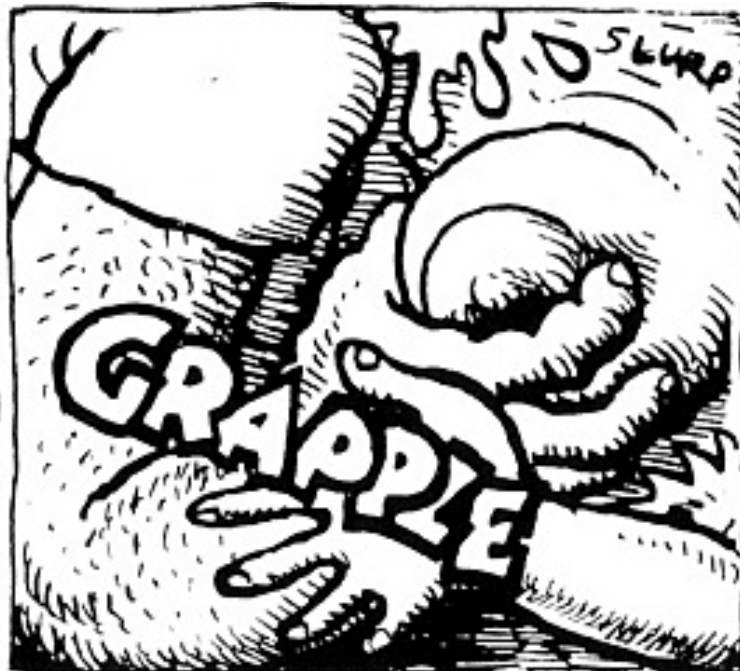
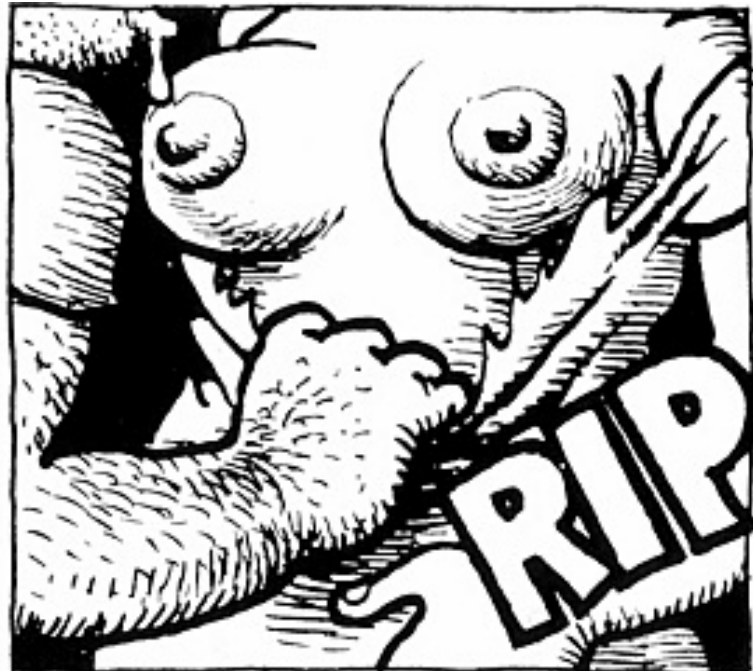
SHE WAS FROZEN IN HORROR AS HE BEGAN CLOSING IN... SHE COULD FEEL HIS HOT STINKING BREATH ON HER FACE. HIS BLOOD-SHOT EYEBALLS BULGED OUT OF HIS DESIRE-CRAZED HEAD!

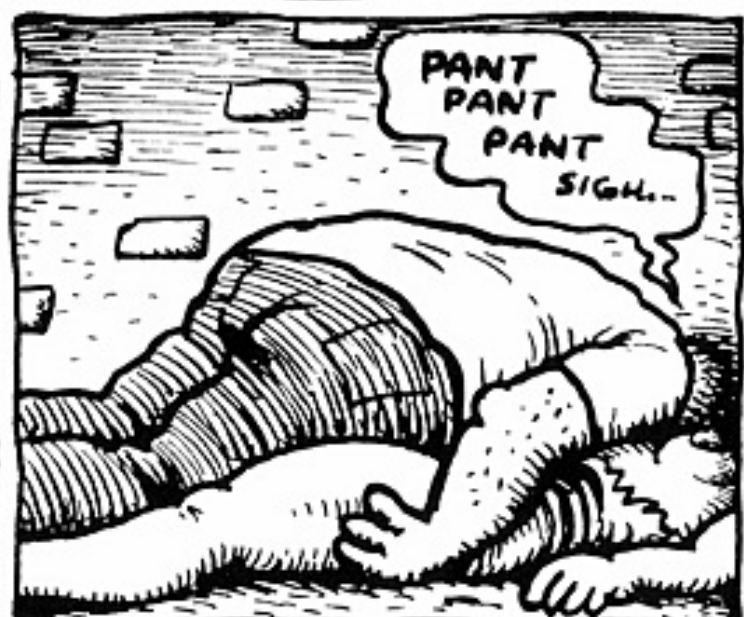
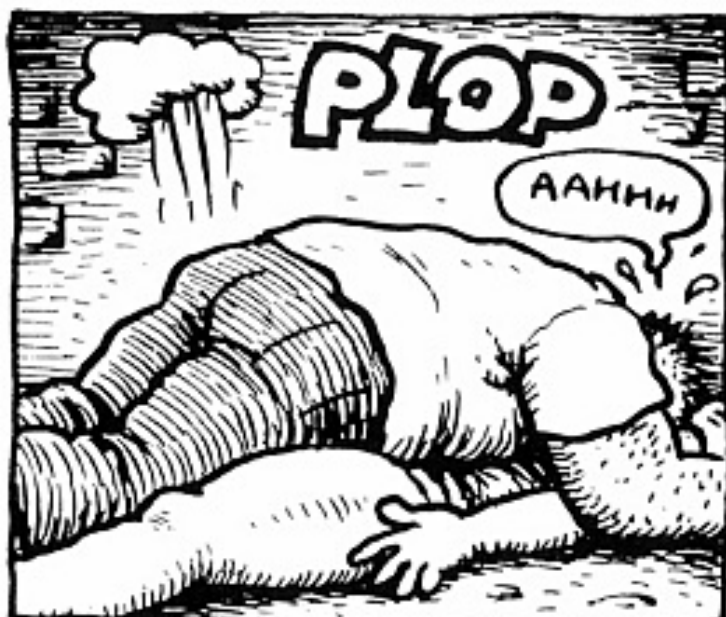


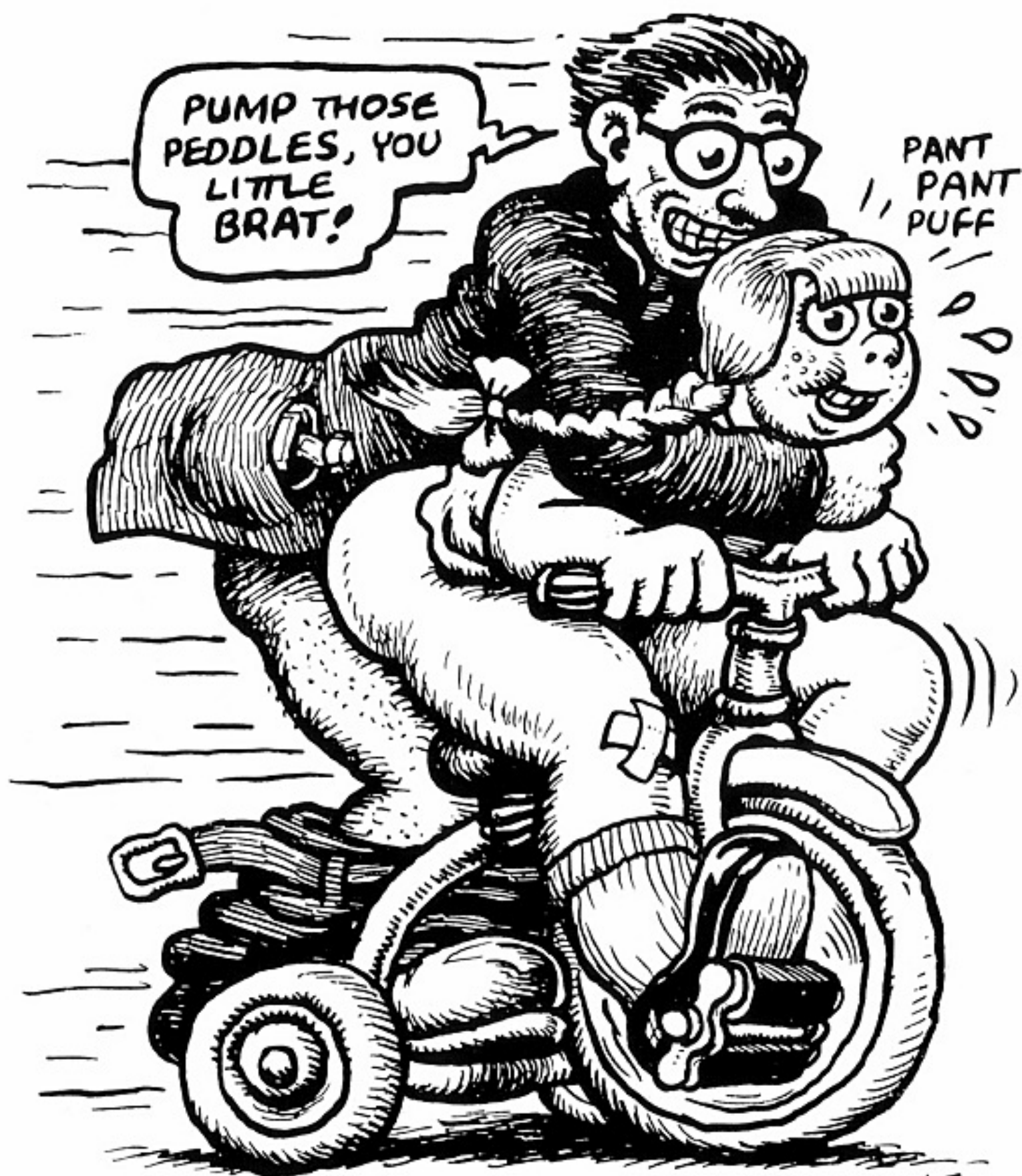
NOW SHE COULD HEAR HIS HEART POUNDING WITH LUST, AND SEE EVERY PORE AND STUBBLE ON HIS GREASY SWEATING FACE!!

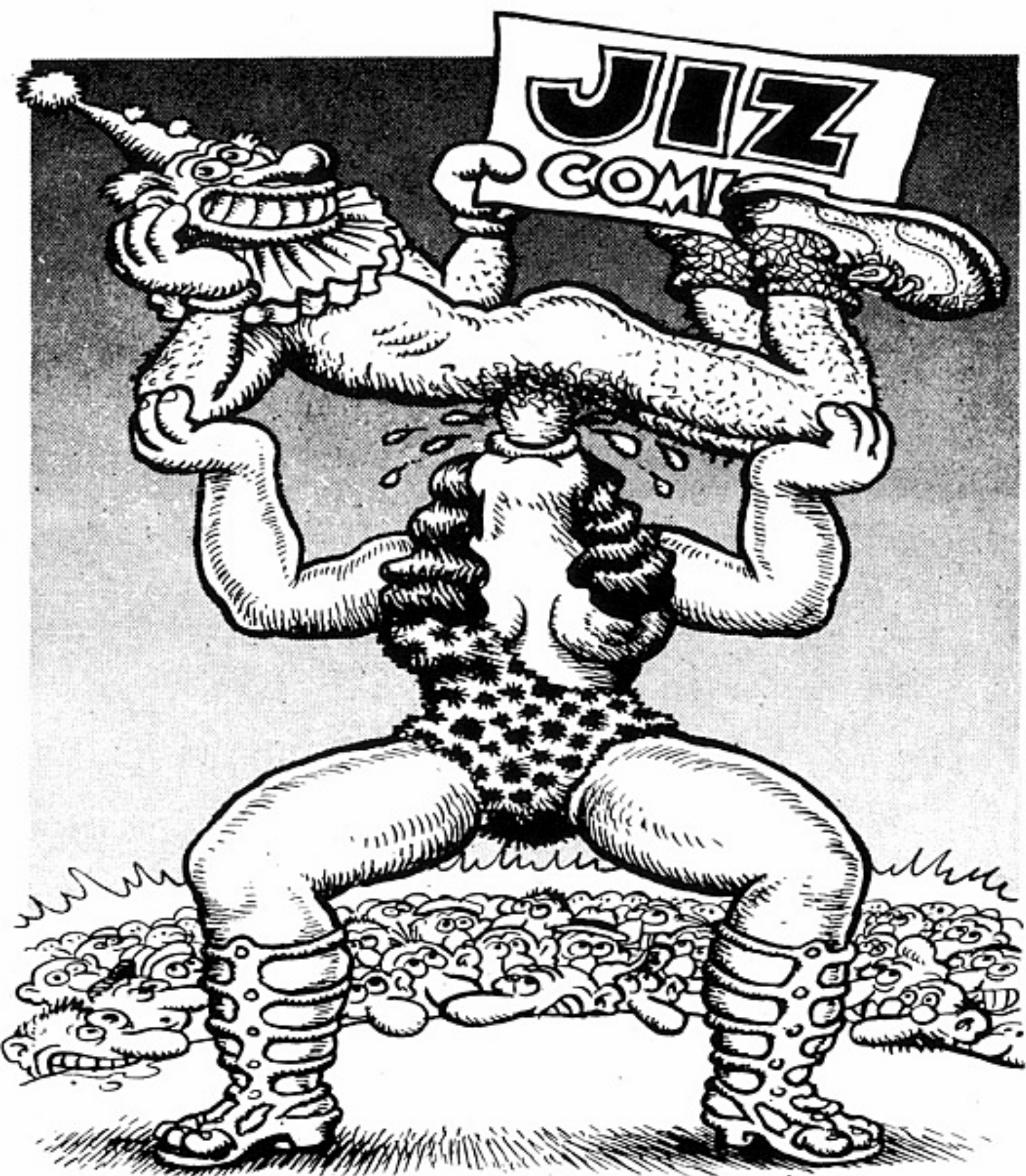


CONTINUED









R. "GIMPY" CRUMB

THE END FUNNIES



The Adventures of **DICKNOSE**

AW C'MON, DICKIE,
LEMME BLOW
YER NOSE!!!



Steve Ditcum

GEE
WILLKERS!



THESE BROADS
ARE ALWAYS ON
TH' MAKE FER MY
NOSE!

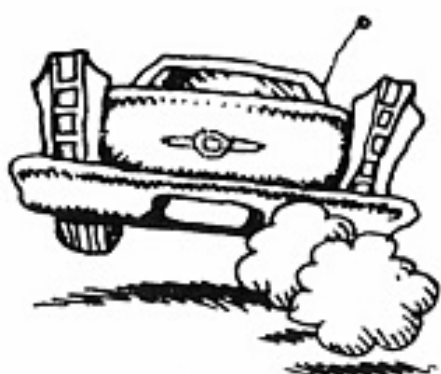


SOME OF THEM
NEVER SHOW THE
LEAST BIT OF
DECORUM ABOUT
TH' WHOLE
THING!!





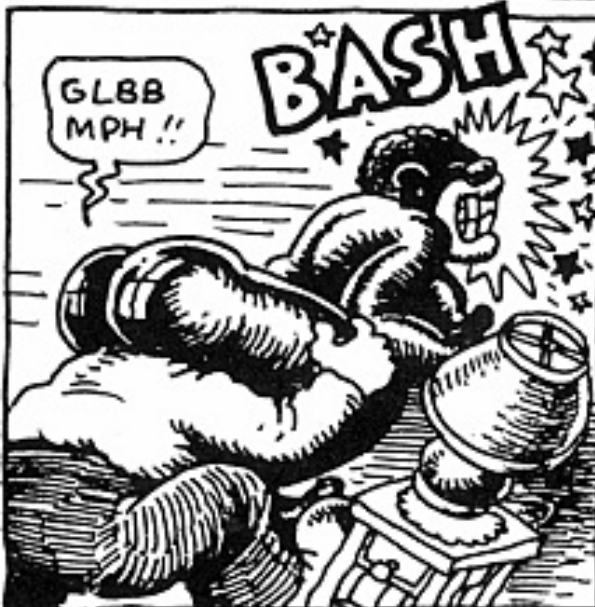
OFF THEY SPED WITH THEIR CAPTIVE TO AN UPTOWN SIN DEN!





KICK







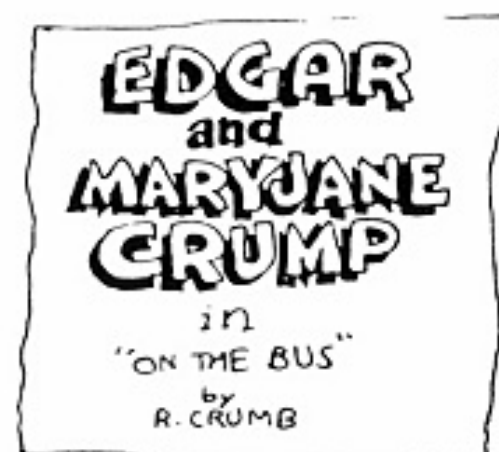








Gary Arlington & his comic-store
— by



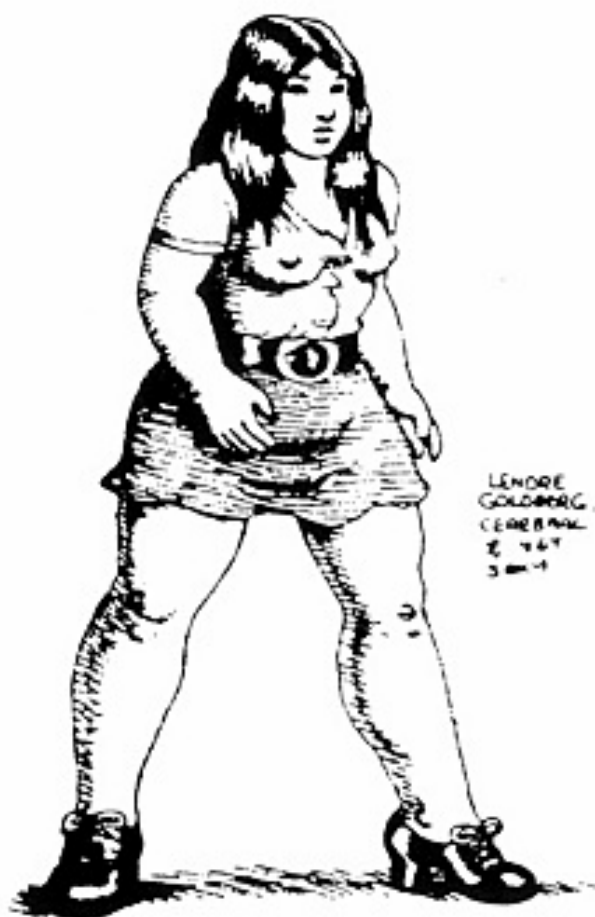


book

R. Crumb



FANTASY
62157
THE ALL-
AMERICAN
13-YEAR-OLD
NYMPHET



R. Crumb

SIT RIGHT DOWN AND HAVE YERSELF A...

MEATBALL

NO. 2

"DEE-LISHUS HOME-COOKED POETRY!"

50¢

COME 'N'
GET IT!

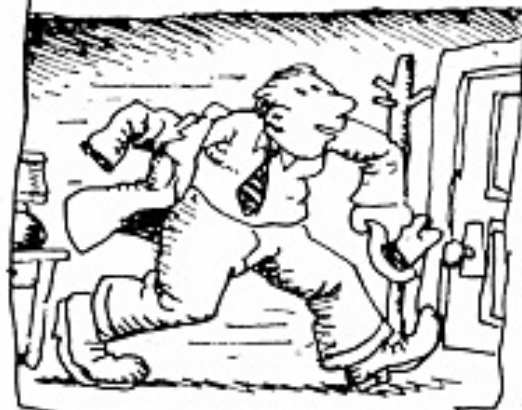


DIG IN!

Including **HUGH KNOX, HUGH FOX** and many more!

COVER BY
A. CRUMB
NOV. 1969

GRAB YOUR COAT
AND GET YOUR HAT



DONTCHA HEAR
THAT PITTEPAT?



LEAVE YOUR WORRIES
ON THE DOORSTEP...



THAT HAPPY TUNE
IS YOUR STEP



JUST DIRECT YOUR FEET
TO THE SUNNY SIDE OF
THE STREET...



LIFE CAN BE SO SWEET;
ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF
THE STREET!



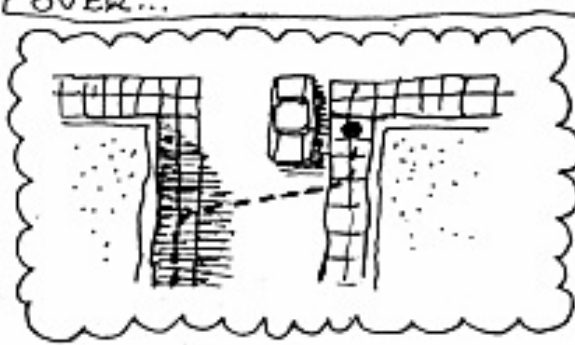
I USED TO WALK
IN THE SHADE...



WITH MY BLUES
ON PARADE...



BUT NOW I'M NOT AFRAID,
I'M A ROVER WHO CROSSED
OVER...



AND IF I NEVER HAD
A CENT...



I'D BE RICH AS ROCKE-
FELLER...



GOLD DUST AT MY FEET...
ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF
THE STREET



Workers of the World **ARISE!**

cast off
your
chains
and read
**MOTOR
CITY**
comics

THE ONLY TRUE
WORKING MAN'S
COMIC BOOK!!

WORKING
GIRLS TOO!



THE GREAT
UNITED SHITWORKS INC.

by the People's Cartoonist
— R. CRUMB

EXPLOITATION
OF THE WORKERS
EXPOSED!



**CLASS STRUGGLE
VIVIDLY PORTRAYED!**



IF YOUR
LOCAL NEWSDEALER
WON'T CARRY 'MOTOR
CITY COMICS', THEY'RE
AVAILABLE BY MAIL FROM

THE
RIP OFF PRESS
box 14158
San Francisco,
94114

Getting the Message to the People

THE WEARY LABORING
MAN, HIS BRAIN DULLED
BY YEARS OF OPPRESSION,
LOOKING FOR READING
MATTER...



TAKES A COMIC BOOK
FROM THE RACK... IT
DOESN'T MATTER WHICH
ONE... THEY'RE ALL THE
SAME....



BUT WHAT'S THIS? HERE
IS SOMETHING HE'S NEVER
SEEN BEFORE IN A COMIC
BOOK... HIS BRAIN REELS
WITH THE DISCOVERY!!



HIS SPIRIT IS RENEWED!
OLD HOPES AND DREAMS
ARE REKINDLED... HIS LIFE
ONCE AGAIN HAS MEANING!
HE HAS BECOME AN INSPIRED
REVOLUTIONARY!!





MOTOR CITY *comics*

75¢



JOIN THE WORLD-
FAMILY REVOLUTION
OR **DIE!!!**



featuring
LENORE GOLDBERG
and her **GIRL COMMANDOS**



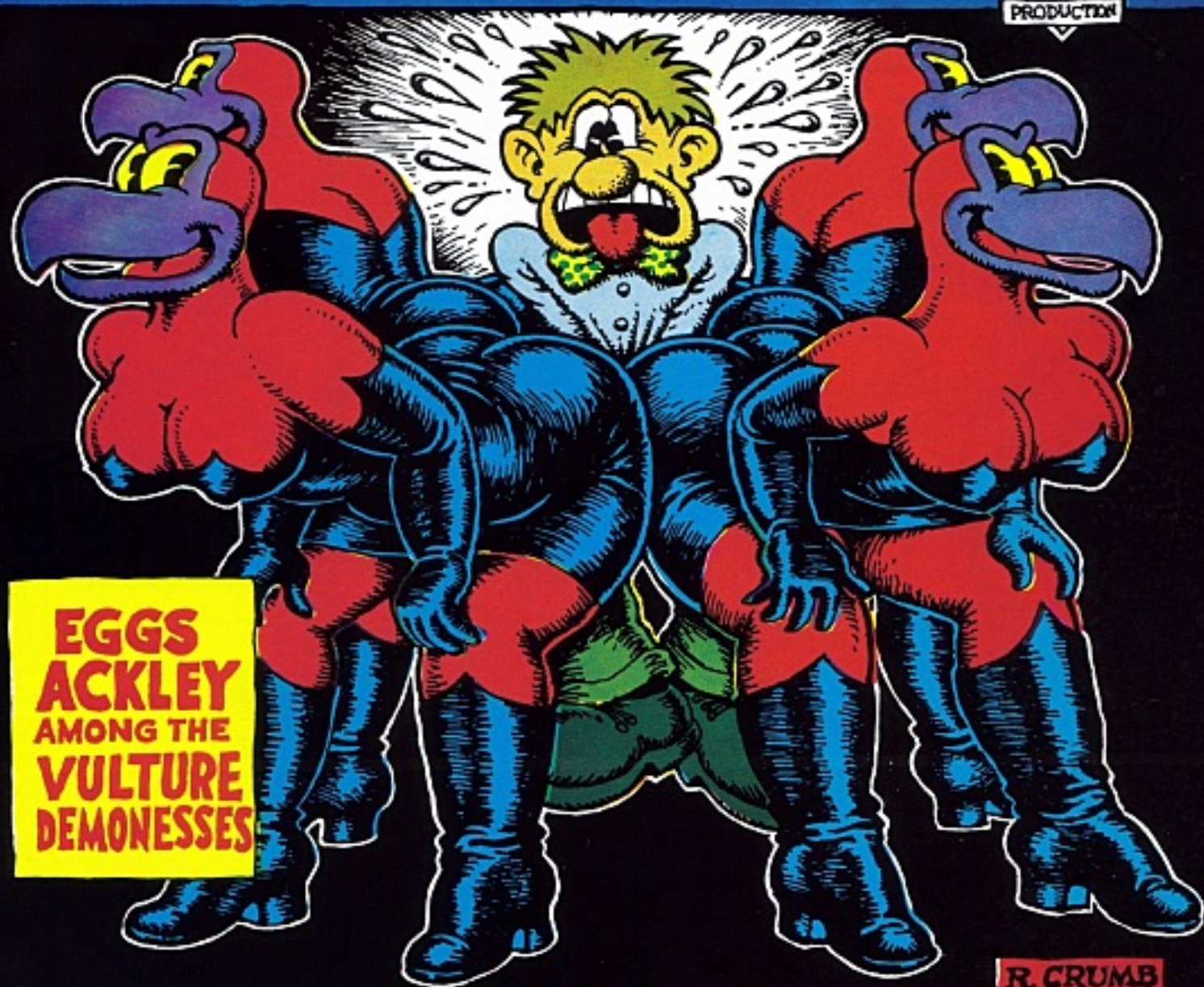
WEIRD SEX FANTASIES WITH THE BEHIND IN MIND...

50¢

Big Ass comics

SORRY
KIDS!
ADULTS
ONLY

AN
ANAL
OEDIPAL
PRODUCTION



**EGGS
ACKLEY**
AMONG THE
**VULTURE
DEMONESSES**

R. CRUMB

DON'T BE A
STRAGGLER!
 STEP ON THE GAS!!
 LECHER SELF GO!
 get behind the
BIG ASS



CALLING ALL MUTANTS!

BIG ASS COMICS LEADS THE PARADE



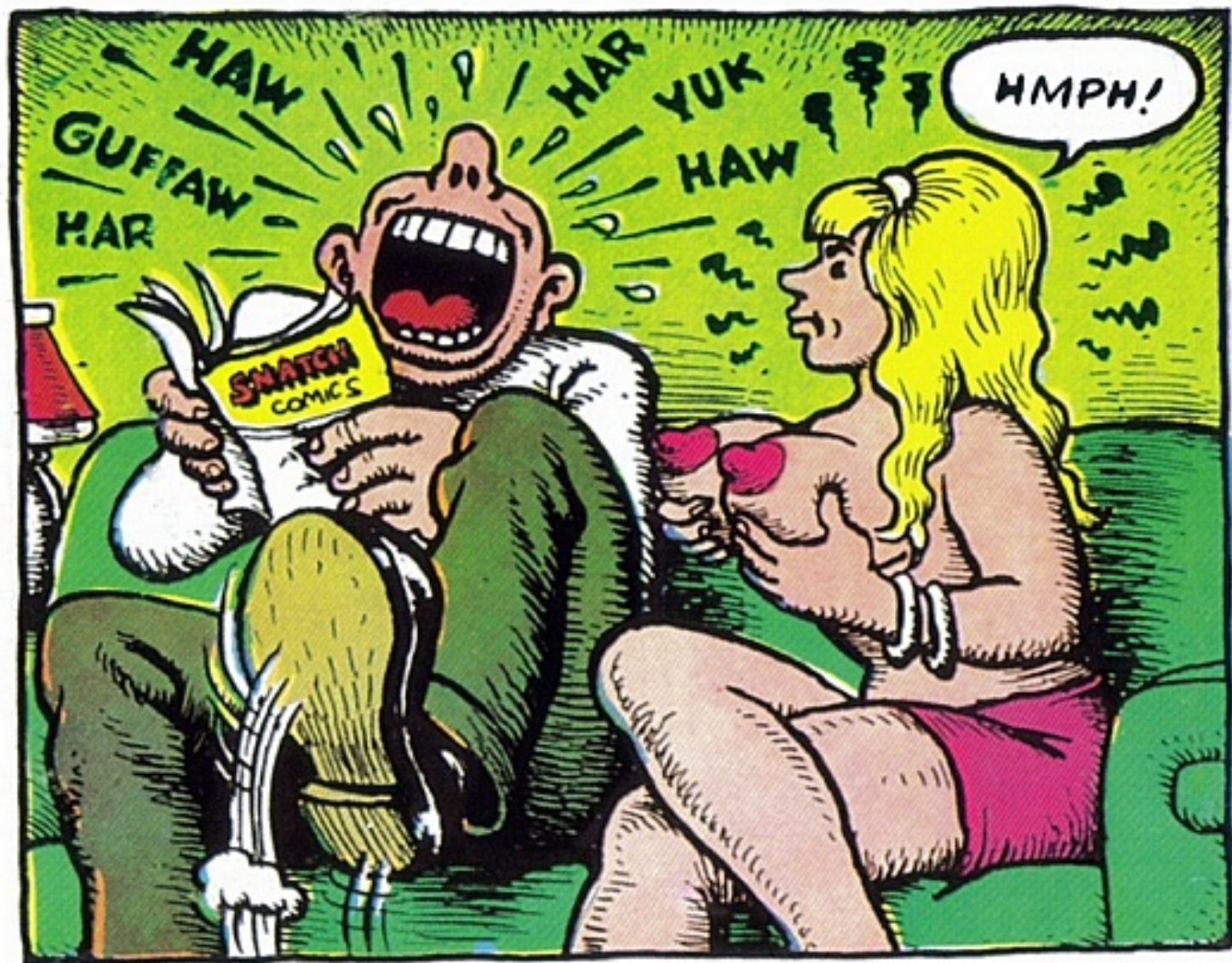
THIS GUY
 MAKES HIMSELF
 SICK!

AND WHY? BECAUSE HE WAS SOLD
 A BILL OF GOODS SOMEWHERE ALONG THE
 LINE AND LIKE A SAP HE BELIEVED THEM!
 IS IT ANY WONDER HE HAS AN UNHEAL-
 THY ATTITUDE? WHO'S TO BLAME FOR HIS AB-
 NORMAL BEHAVIOR? CAN HE EVER HOPE TO
 BECOME WELL-ADJUSTED? OR IS HIS HIDDEN
 ANXIETY A SIGN OF LATENT PERVERSE TEN-
 DENCIES BEYOND HIS POWER TO COPE WITH?
 THE ANSWERS TO THESE BURNING QUES-
 TIONS ARE FULLY EXPLAINED IN EASY-TO-GRASP
 TERMS IN THE PAGES OF **BIG ASS COMICS!**

READ
 and

Big Ass comics
SEE FOR YOURSELF!

SO "HOT" IT RUNS A CLOSE SECOND TO THE REAL THING!



She's rarin' to go but you'll be so busy laughing at your new copy of "SNATCH COMICS" that you won't even notice!!

"SNATCH" HAS THE KIND OF CARTOONS YOU LIKE AND OUR LATEST ISSUE IS THE BEST YET!! JAM-PACKED WITH GOOD CLEAR ILLUSTRATIONS! TERRIFIC HUMOR AND PLENTY FUN!!

AND IT'S POCKET-SIZE!!



THE NEW ALL-TIME LOW IN SMUT!

SNATCH

COMICS

NO.3

50¢







50¢

JIZ

COMICS

YUMMA
GOOTCHIE,
BUFFALO
BOB!!



DOWN THE OLD "JISSOM TRAIL!"

©1969 BY B. CRUMB



Plunge into the depths of

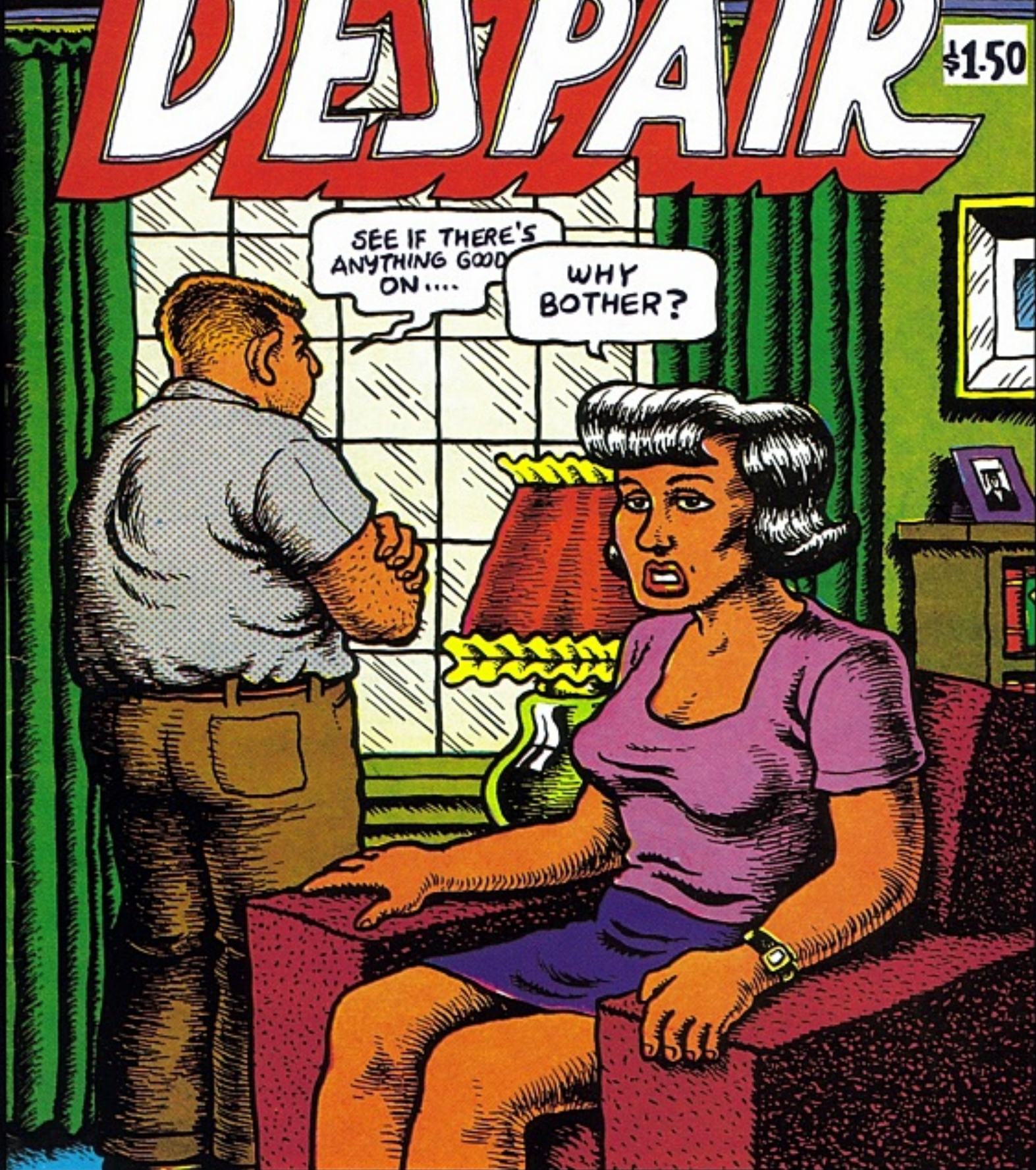


DESPAIR

\$1.50

SEE IF THERE'S
ANYTHING GOOD
ON

WHY
BOTHER?





GOthic BLIMP WORKS LTD.
PRESENTS THE FIRST MONTHLY UNDERGROUND COMIC PAPER

Jive Comics

35¢

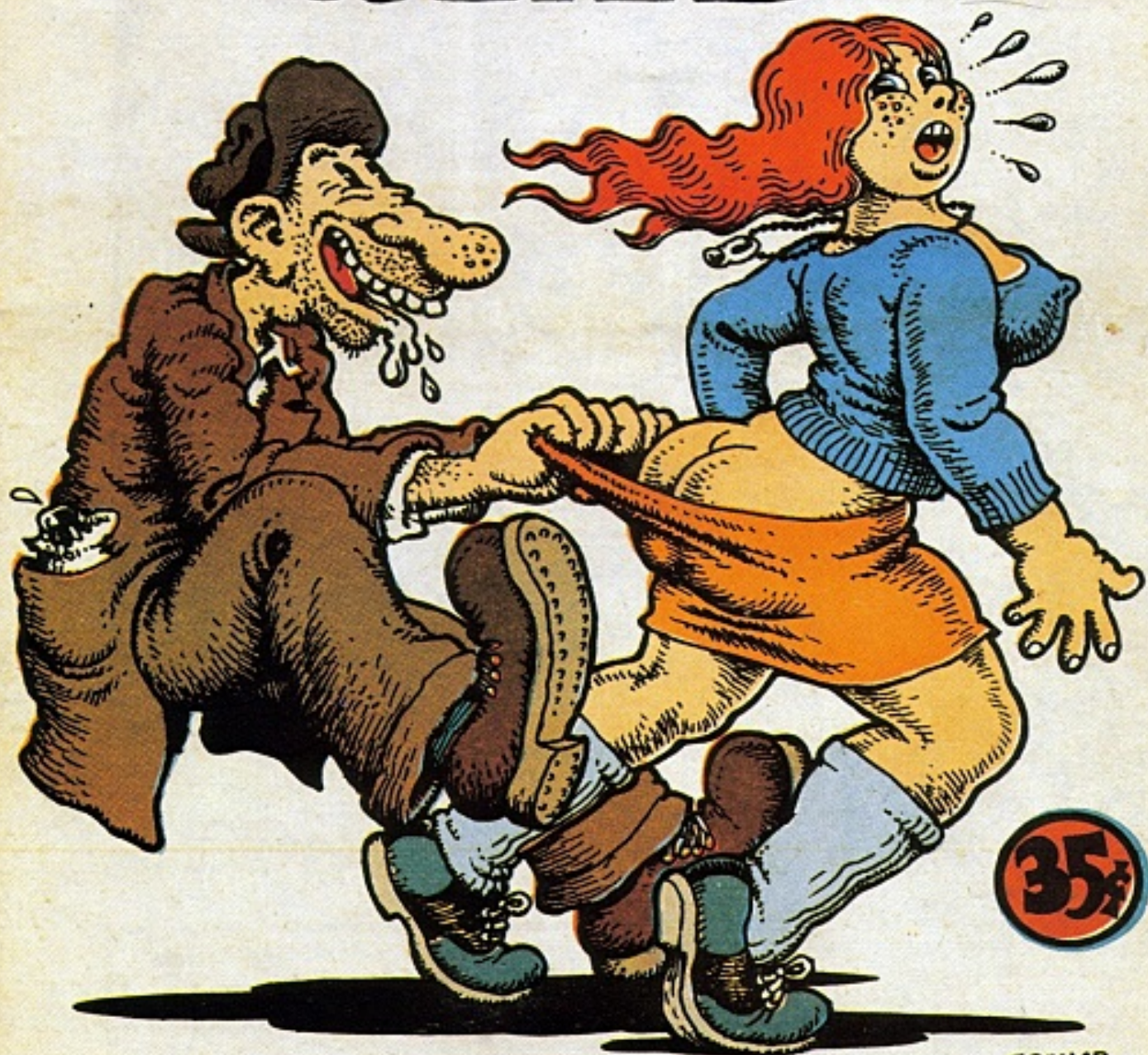
DIS IS
DA
STUFF!
...sez Mr. Goodbar!



ADULTS ONLY

R. CRUMB

GOTHIC
BLIMP
WORKS LTD. NO. 2



CRUMB

ADULTS ONLY



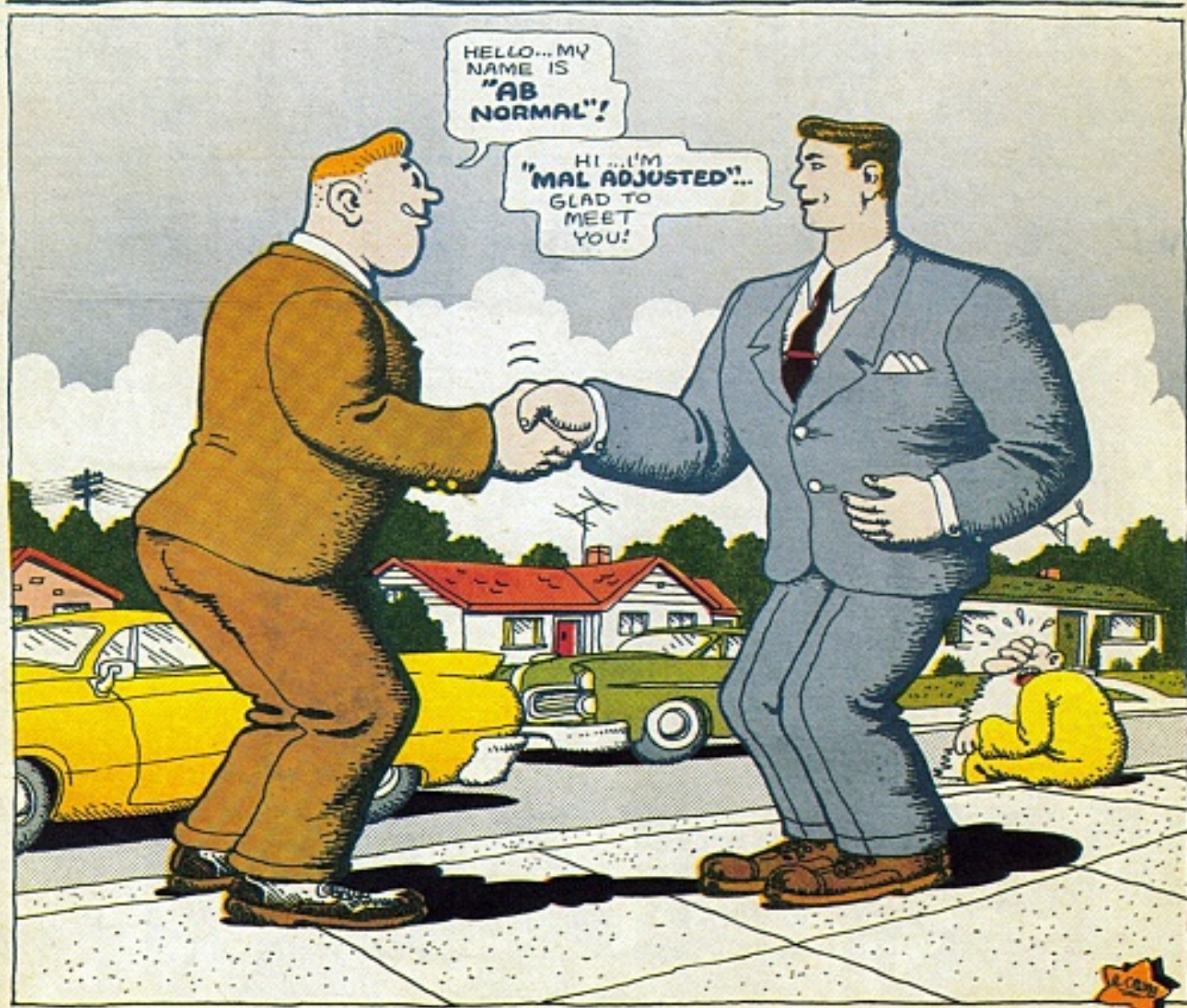
GOTHIC

BLIMP

WORKS

NO. 3

35¢



FLAKEY FOONT *in* DESPERATION

"DESE ARE DESPRIT
TIMES!" sayeth Mr. Natural

by R. CRUMB

"TH' TIME HAS COME TO
TAKE DESPRIT MEASURES!"
— F. FRONT



Everyday *funnies*



HELICON

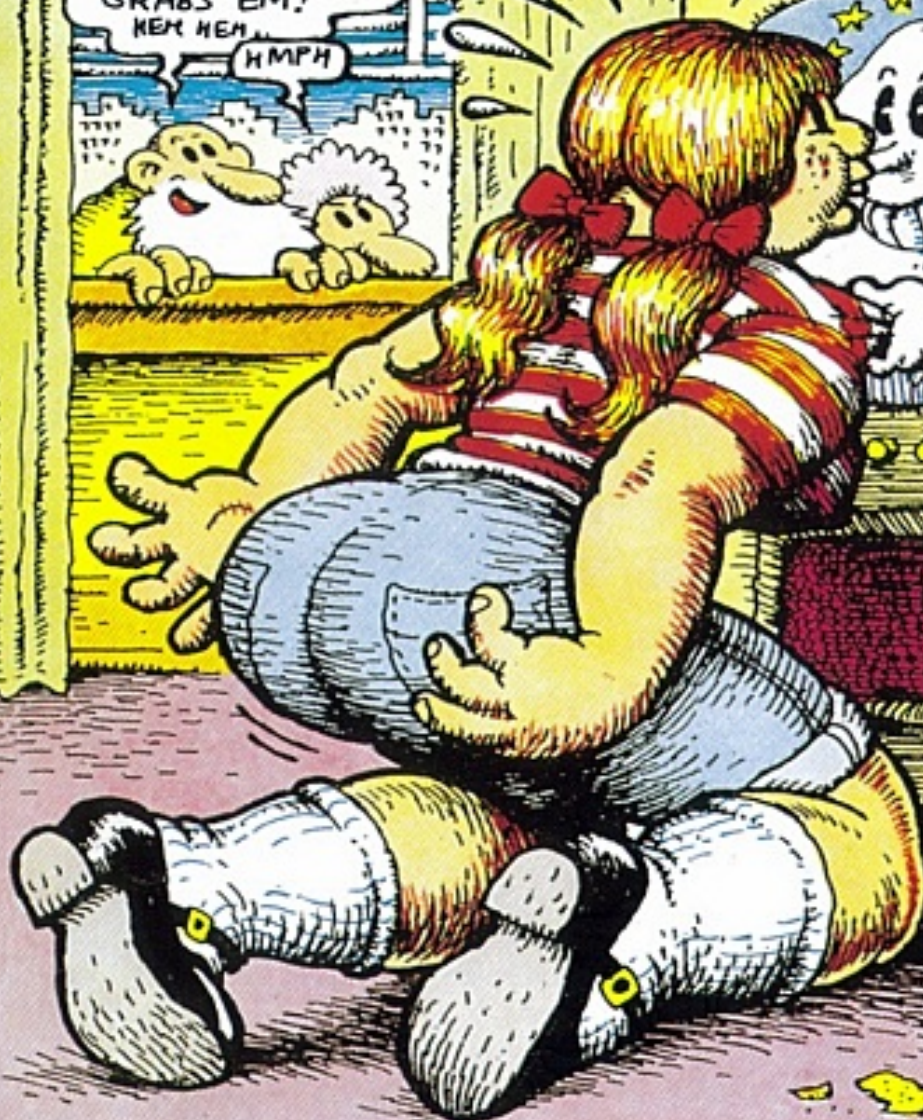
SPRING

'69

C'MERE
KID!

THAT OL' DEVIL
MOUNTAIN STILL
GRABS 'EM!
HEH HEH

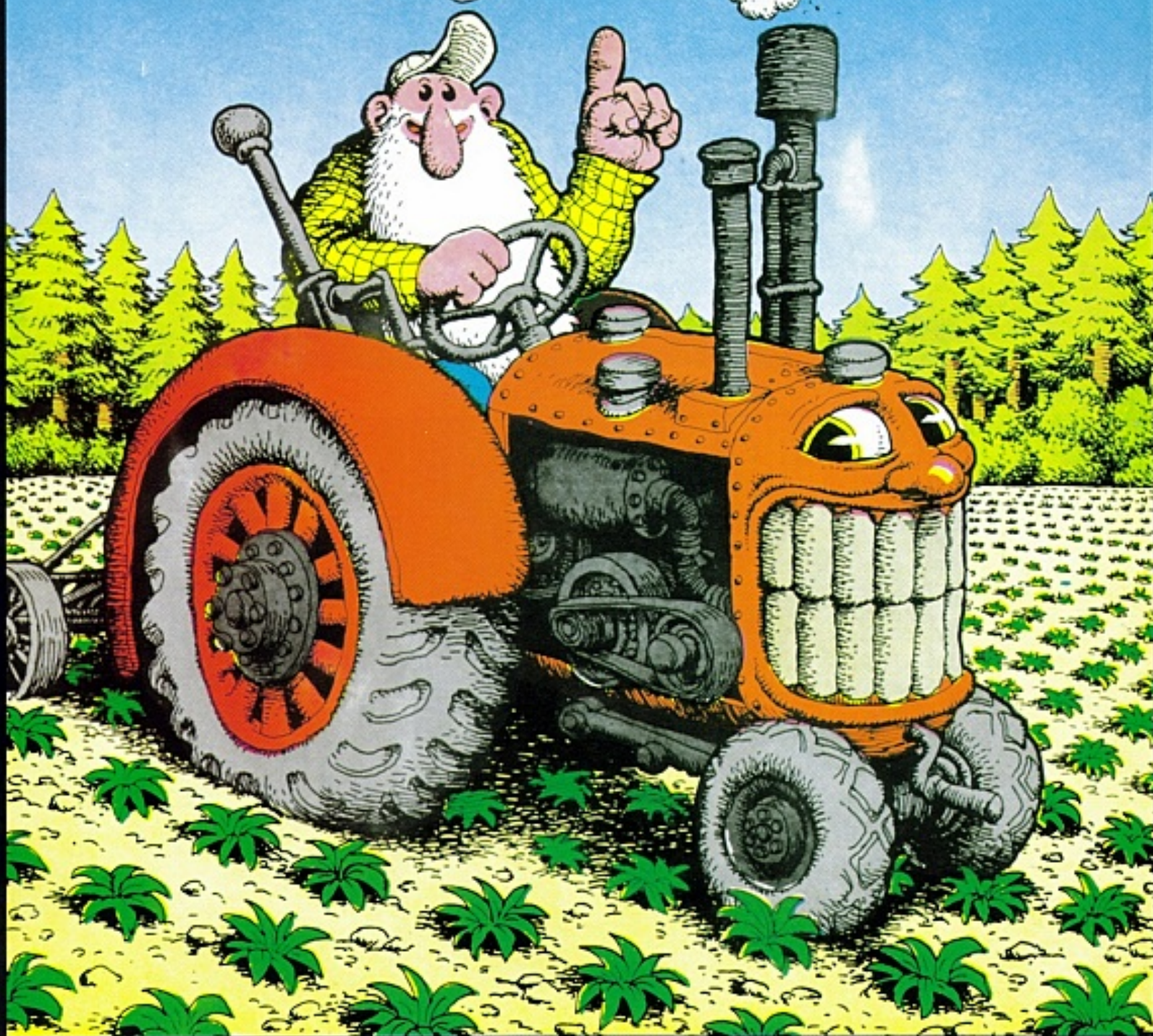
HMPH



R. CRUMB

TWAS EVER THUS

says Mr. Natural





**VOL. 2
NO. 13**

YELLOW DOG *comic*

50¢



LI'L CUTE



ABSORBINE JR.



SKUTCH



THE DAILY DUCK





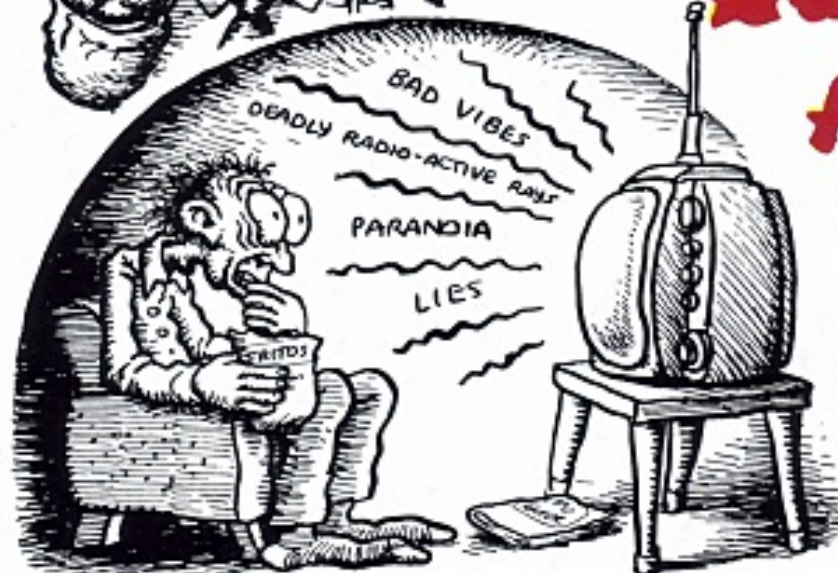
7



DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME TO

Stop Watching

TV?



HERE'S WHY!

TV makes people **SICK!!**
TV **ENSLAVES** you and **SAPS**
ALL YOUR CREATIVE ENERGY!
TV **HOOKS** YOU like **DOPE!**
TV is obviously a "**VAST**
WASTELAND!" This is com-
mon knowledge.
TV is just plain **BAD** for
you physically, mentally,
and spiritually. Watching
it will cause you great un-
happiness in life and you're
more than likely to get
CANCER!!

**BUT IF YOU STILL MUST HAVE YOUR MEDIA
INJECTION, THEN READ**

MOTOR CITY

COMICS

IT'S THE COMIC THAT
ANSWERS TO NO ONE!!

Motor City Comics is the Last out-
spoken Bastion of **TRUTH** left
in America today. Read it and you
shall be **FREE!** Contained with-
in these pages are mind-blowing
glimpses of **REALITY** as it **REALLY**
IS! These comics **BREAK THROUGH**
the **TV-INDUCED STUPOR**, for this is
ANTI-MEDIA! It's got the **MEDI-**
CINE for the **BLUES**, and has been
known to turn **MENTALLY ILL**
persons into **HEALTHY, GOOD-HU-**
MORED FREE-THINKERS. You, too, will
benefit from reading **MOTOR CITY COMICS!!**



volume five number ten

THE

east
village



OTHER

FEBRUARY 11th, 1970

35 CENTS IN THE HINTERLANDS

15¢
IN THE
CITY



"BURNED OUT"

THE NEW COMIX

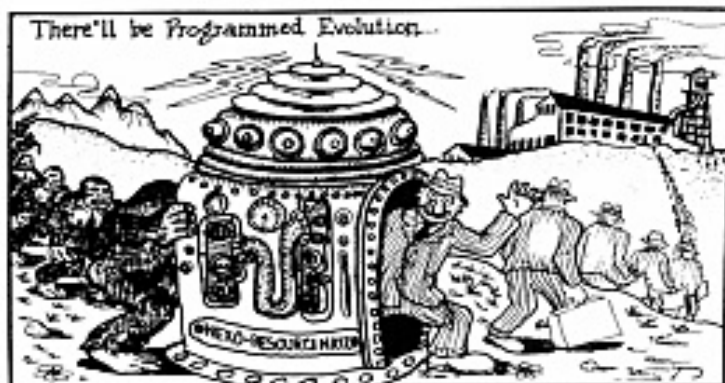
PHOENIX GALLERY



OPENING NITE, THURS OCT 23, 7-10PM. TUE SAT NOV 22. 2854 COLLEGE AVENUE, BERKELEY. 415 336-0816. OPEN TUES THRU CHU 12-6PM. TUES FRI EVE TUE 10PM. CLOSED SUN & MON

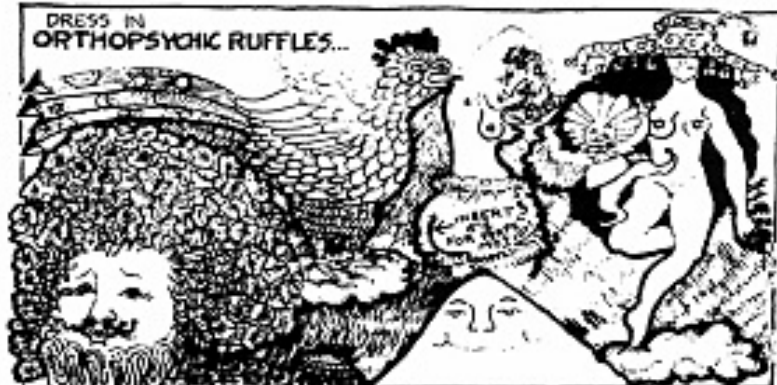


COME the REVOLUTION



CONT'D →

WE WILL DINE ON WINE AND TRUFFLES



TAKE A SUNDAY TRIP TO NOME...



THERE'LL BE NO INCLEMENT WEATHER



AND WE'LL ALL COME



O-SO-KLEEN COMICS



"comics for the clean-at-heart!"



BOB KEEPS A KEEN KLEEN EYE ON THE ROAD AHEAD AND HUMS A MERRY (CLEAN) MELODY AS HE ROLLS ALONG!



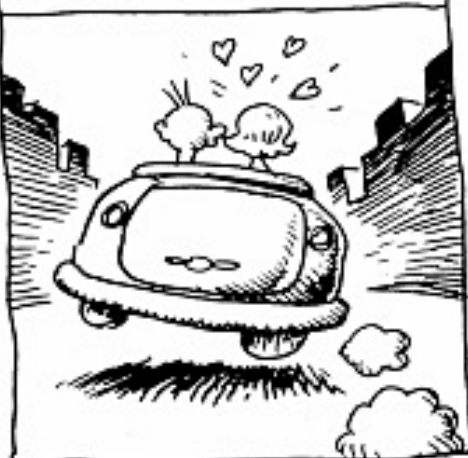
A LOOK AT BOB'S BRAIN TELLS THE STORY! FOR HERE IS A FELLOW WHO IS
**KLEEN
KLEAR
THRU**
!!!
ooo

PURE
SUNSHINE

NO UNNECESSARY
JUNK TO
CLUTTER UP
HIS BRAIN



THE GIRLS LOVE HIM
BECAUSE HE'S SO SWEET!



I LOVE YOU,
BOB! YOU'RE SO-
SO-CLEAN!

SHUCKS



HIS APPROACH TO SEX
IS SO GENTLE... HE
NEVER FORCES HIMSELF
ON GIRLS...



... AND HE WAITS UNTIL A GIRL IS
REALLY WET AND REALLY WANTS IT
BEFORE HE ENTERS HER!

NOW!
NOW!



THAT BOY IS AMAZING! HE
CAN CONTROL HIMSELF SO HE
DOESN'T COME UNTIL HIS SWEET-
HEART IS COMPLETELY SATISFIED!



AND THEN HE REALLY LETS
IT POP!

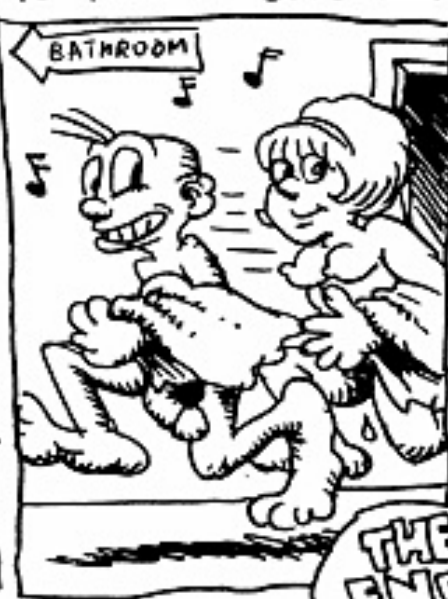
EEYAH



THIS KID IS KLEEN!



OOPS! ALMOST FORGOT
TO TAKE A SHOWER



THE
END

wavy gravy PRESENTS:

THE CONSPIRACY STOMP

FRIDAY
NOVEMBER
28th. 1969
9:30 P.M.

AT THE
ARAGON
BALLROOM
1106 W. LAWRENCE
CHICAGO

A BENEFIT FOR THE CHICAGO EIGHT



featuring

Abbie Hoffman
Paul Krassner
Bob Gibson
The Fabulous Hypnotics
Jeff Carp Group
Chad Mitchell
The Cast of "Hair"

Hugh Romney and the
Hog Farm Bus
Johnny Kaye
Phil Ochs
The Silver Apples
Calvin's Walla Walla Basics
and Fifty Live Turkeys



TICKETS: CENTRAL AGENCY

For Information call 427-7773



FREAK

FALL
1969

\$1.00

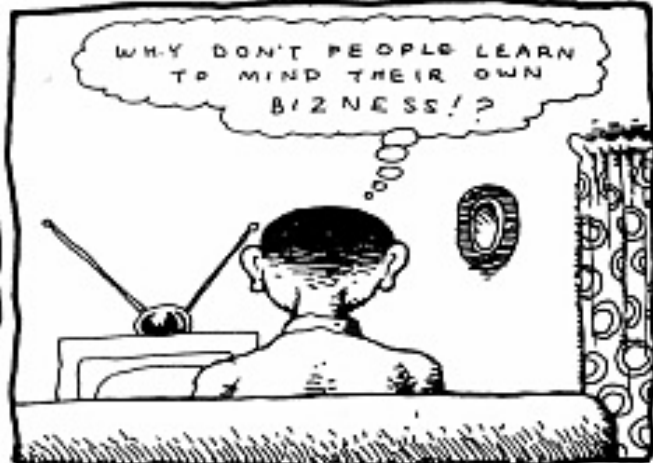


R. CRUMB

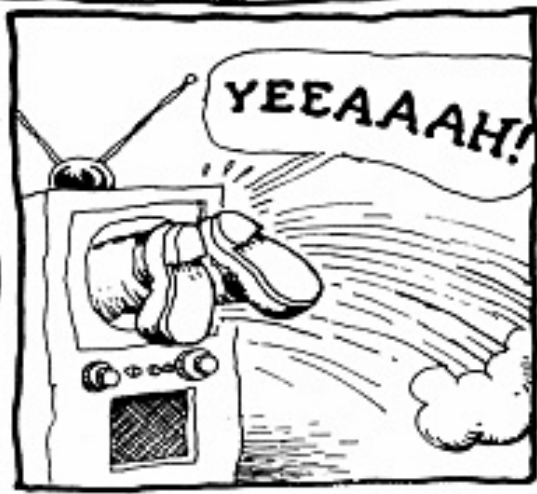
VRUDE KUTURS

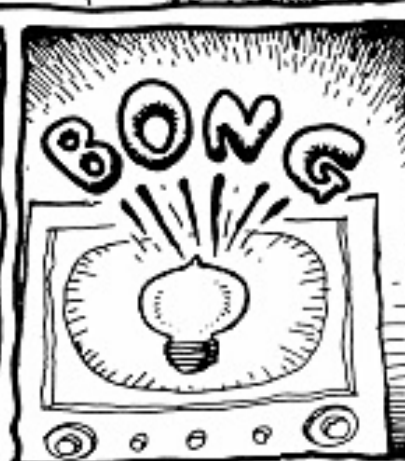
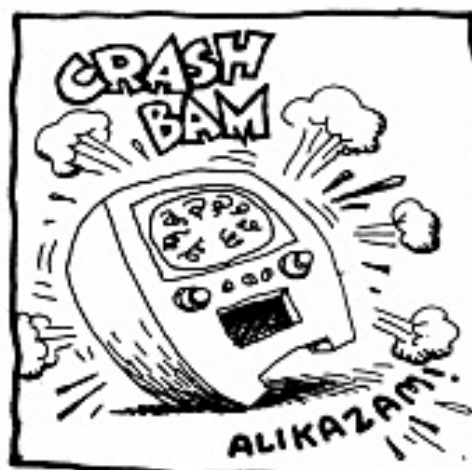
SOME OFF-THE-KUFF KRUD BY KRUMB





...FURTHER-MORE...





**GUESS
I'M JUST
NEUROTIC**

IS THIS YOU?

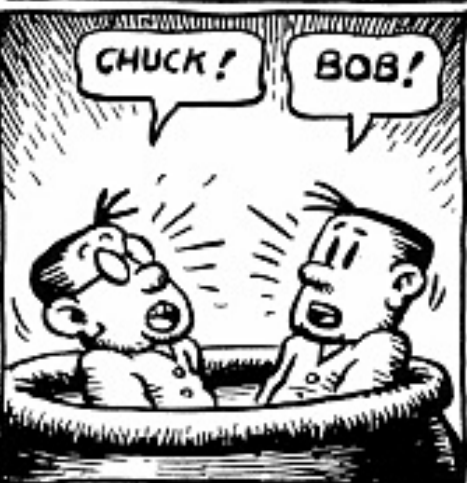
Of course not !! But you see, well, there's been an **ACCIDENT!!** No one's quite sure how it happened, but we seem to be in the process of recovering! **NOW! THE TRUE NATURE OF THE COSMIC "MIND-WARP" is REVEALED FOR THE FIRST TIME TO ANYBODY WHO'S INTERESTED!** for as low as

\$2.00!
No more than a Haircut!!









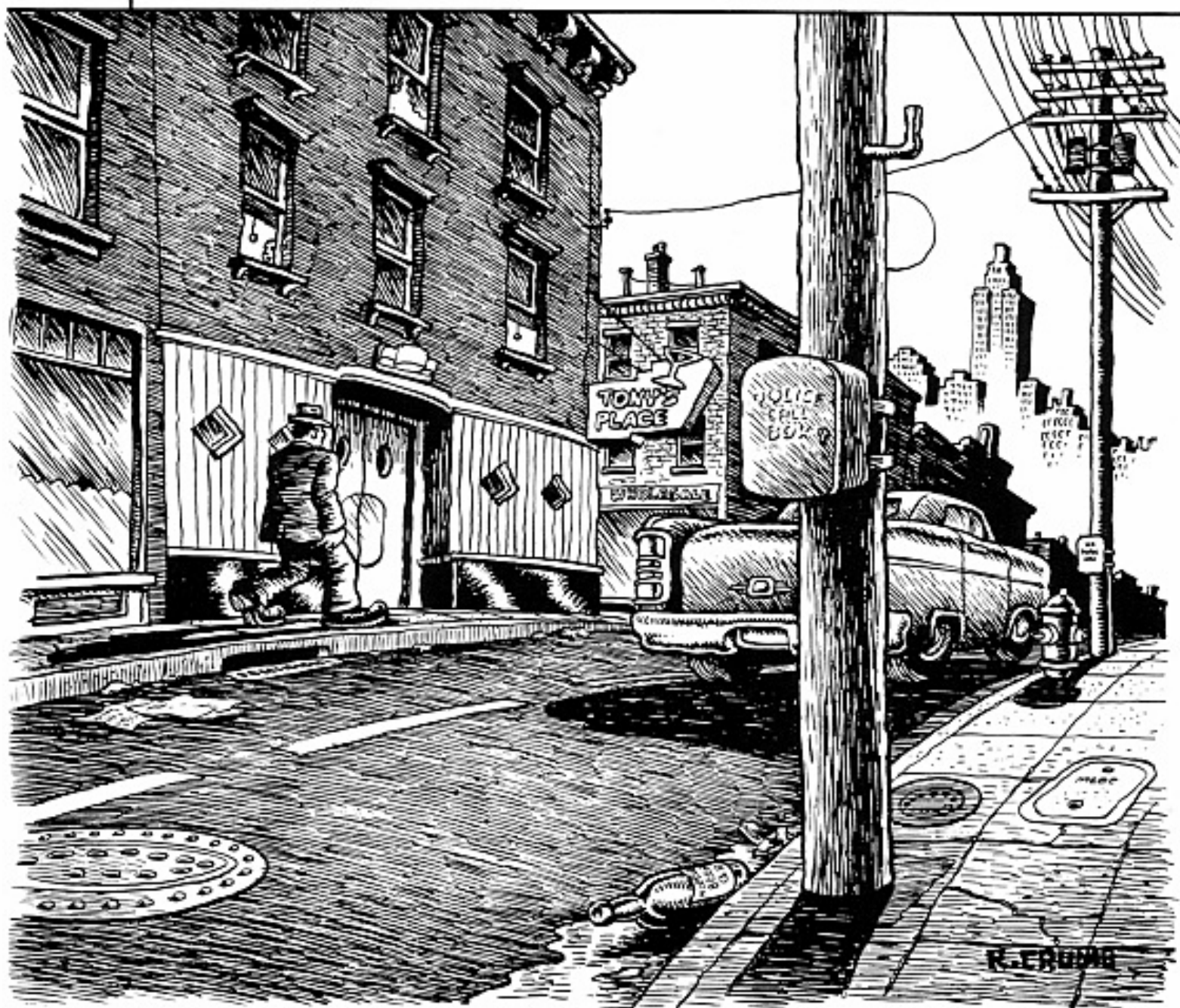






DESPAIR

50¢

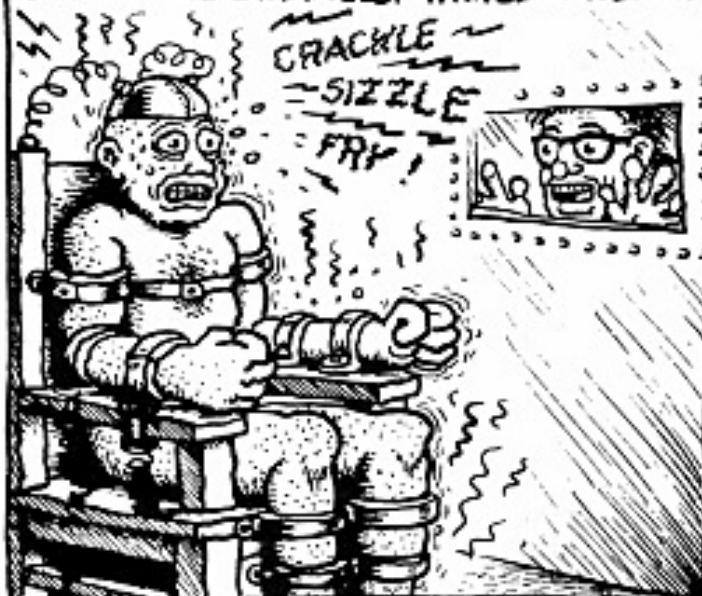


YOU MAY NOT THINK
IT'S FUNNY, BUT I'VE GOT A

MORBID SENSE OF HUMOR



I FIND THE STRANGEST THINGS AMUSING!!



I SEEM TO DERIVE PLEASURE FROM THE
SUFFERING OF OTHERS...

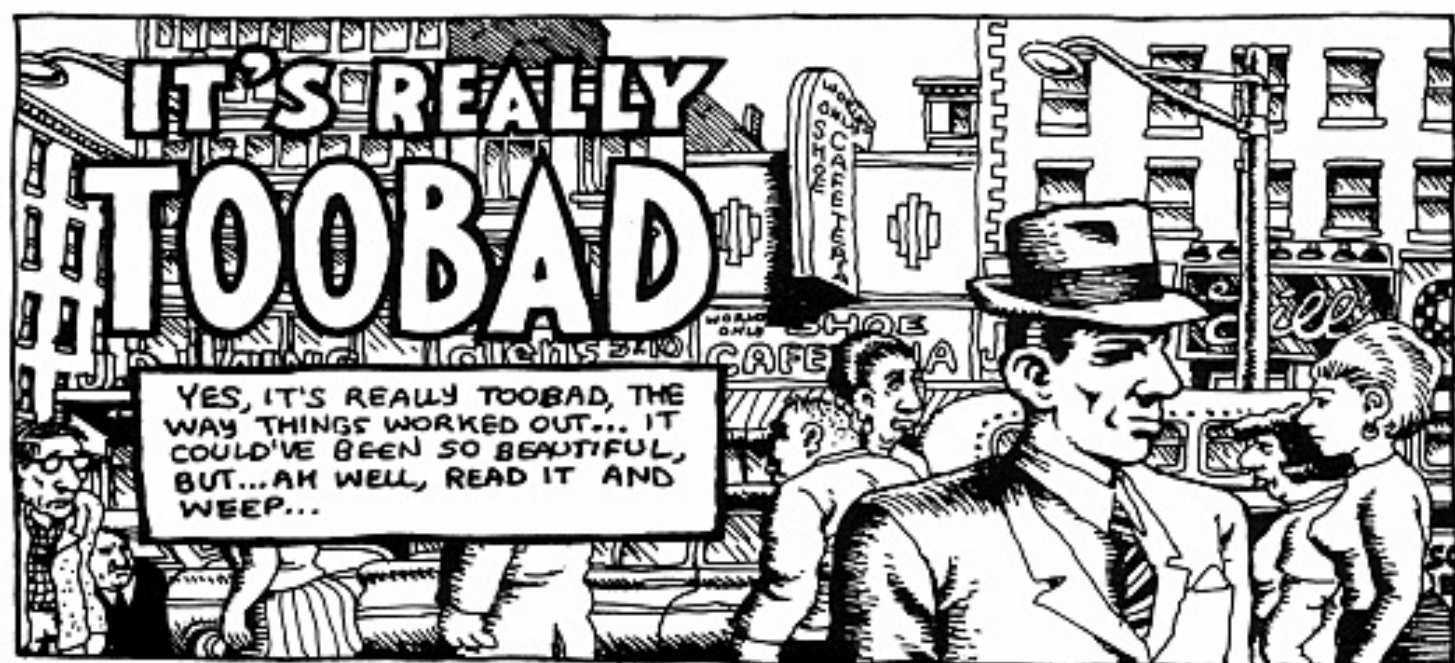


AS A CHILD, I FOUND DELIGHT IN
TORMENTING AND/OR TORTURING SMALLER
ANIMALS AND/OR CHILDREN...

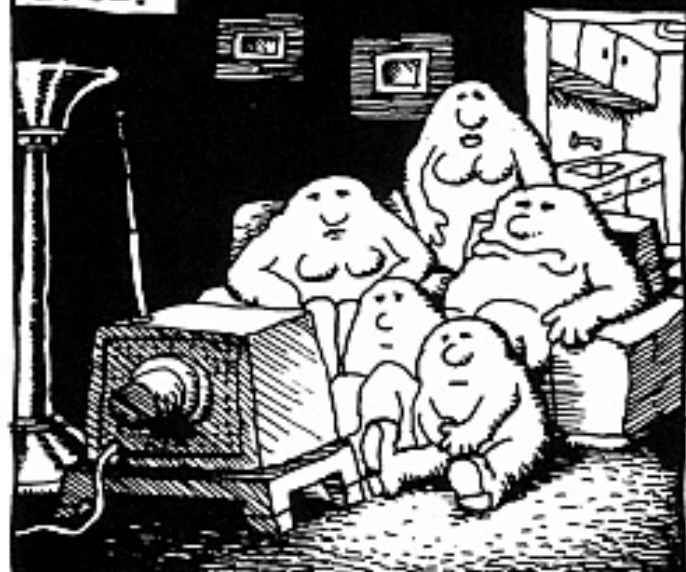


EVEN NOW, AS AN ADULT AND AN EMINENTLY
RESPECTED AMERICAN CARTOONIST, I STILL
SOMETIMES FIND MYSELF FASCINATED BY... BY...
PSYCHOLOGICAL SADISM... WITH YOU,
THE READER, AS VICTIM!!





IS THE LUMPEN PROLETARIAT A LOST CAUSE?



ONLY TIME WILL TELL...



PERHAPS....
PERHAPS....
THESE ARE THE
LAST DAYS!

GGULP!



WHO CARES? WHY
GO ON LIVING?



"THAT'S RIGHT... WHY BOTHER?"
SAYS RUTH SCHWARTZ TO HERSELF.

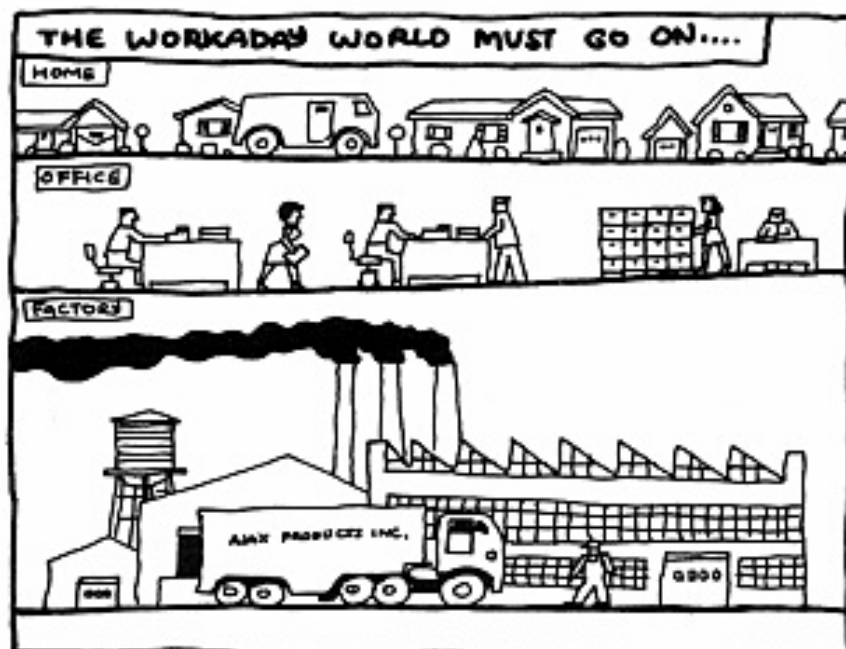


HERE COMES THE BUS...



THERE'S NO ESCAPE...







SAINTS HAVE COME TO SHOW US "THE WAY," ONLY TO HAVE THEIR ASSES STOMPED INTO THE DIRT!!



THE MAN IN HIS YOUTH IS PATHETICALLY HOPEFUL AND OPTIMISTIC...



...AS HE GROWS MORE "MATURE" HE BEGINS TO "FACE UP TO THE HARSH REALITIES" OF LIFE...



... AND ENDS UP OLD AND EMBITTERED, REGRETFUL OF SHATTERED DREAMS, FEELING CHEATED BY FATE, HIS DAYS FILLED WITH ACHES AND PAINS SO THAT HE LOOKS FORWARD TO DEATH!!



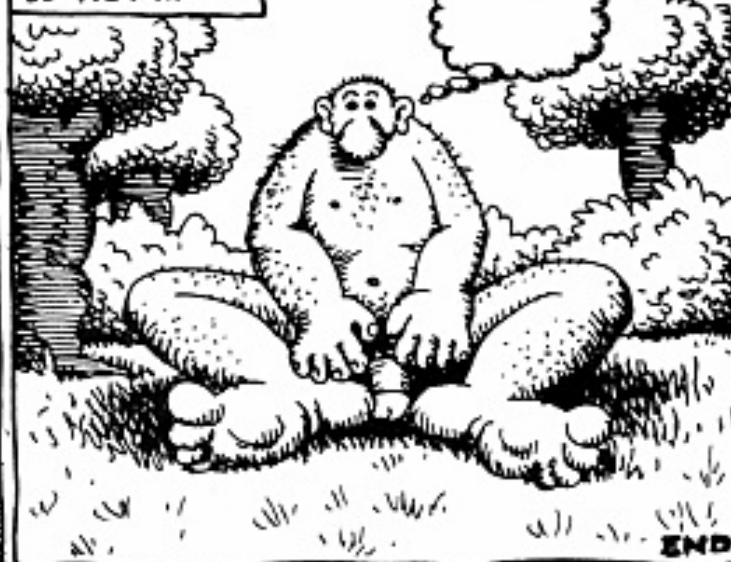
MEN HAVE BEEN ASKING WHY AND PANGING FOR DELIVERANCE FOR 10,000 YEARS AND IN 10,000 DIFFERENT WAYS...



HE SEEMS TO BE SMART ENOUGH TO INVENT WAYS OF DESTROYING THE PLANET BUT CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET ALONG WITH HIS WIFE!



THE BEST ANSWER ANYBODY HAS COME UP WITH YET FOR ALL OUR PROBLEMS IS JUST TO SIT AND DO NOTHING...



...AND THEN THERE'S ALWAYS...

THE LIGHTER-THAN-AIR BOYS

LET'S TRANSCEND
THIS LEVEL & GO TO
A NON-VERBAL STATE
OF CONSCIOUSNESS
AN' JUST VIBE
BACK'N' FORTH...

YES. KARMA FLOWS
IN CYCLES AND IT IS
NOW TIME TO GET
OFF THE MATERIAL
PLANE... TIME TO BE-
COME MORE SPIRITUAL
...LIKE, TIME TO STOP
CHASING GIRLS
ALLA TIME,
LIKE...



featuring **MERCIFUL
PERCIVAL**

and **SEYMOUR "SY"
KLOPPS**

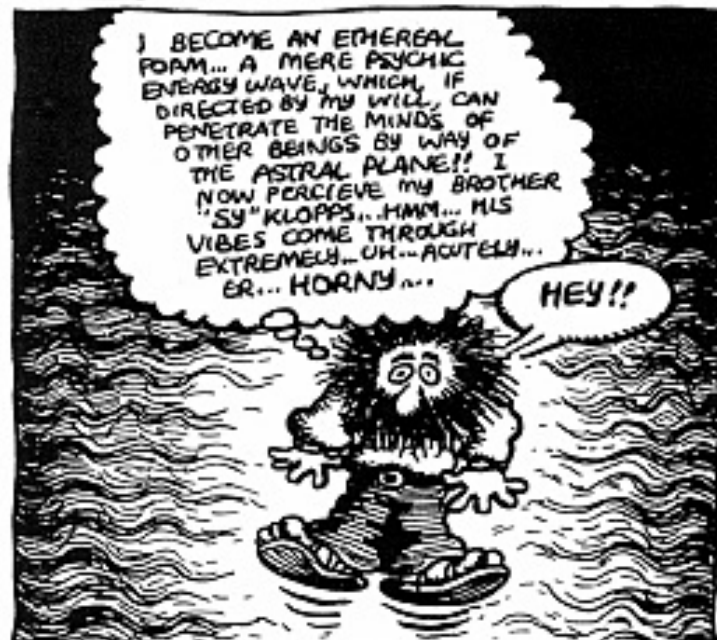
THE
BUDDHA HAS
SAID CESSATION
OF DESIRE IS
NECESSARY TO
ATTAIN
ENLIGHTENMENT...

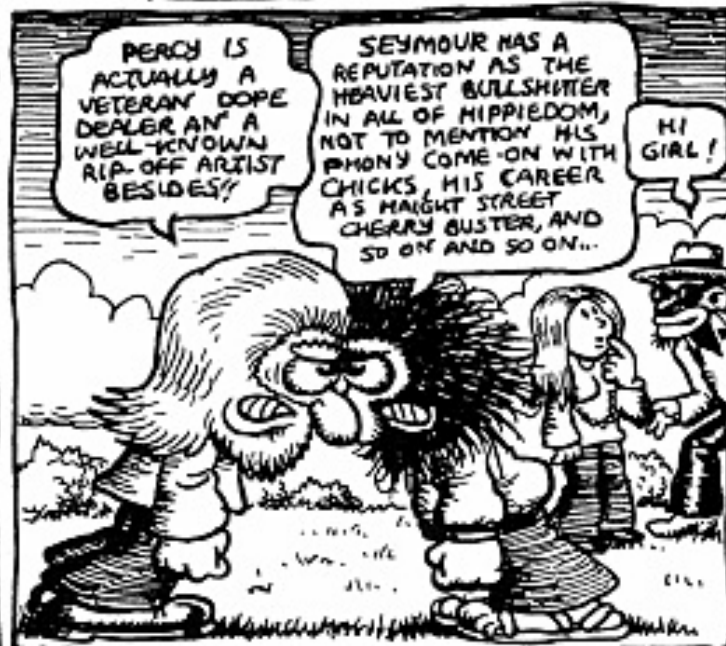
TRUE...TO DIRECT
ONE'S ENERGIES INTO
A LOWER CHAKRA, SUCH
AS SEX, IS TO EMBRACE
THE VERY DUALITY
ITSELF... DRIVING
ONE FURTHER FROM
THE ONENESS WHICH
IS THE UNIVERSAL
ALL...

WELL, ON THE
OTHER HAND, BECOMING
ONE WITH A MEMBER
OF THE OPPOSITE
SEX IS THE GREATEST
MANIFESTATION OF
THE TRUE GOD
OF BEING...

MMM...SHE HAS
A GOOD AURA...
LET'S GO
CHECK OUT
HER VIBES...







It's the RUFF TUFF CREAMPUFF

HE'S THE
BIG GALLOOT
WHO DON'T
GIVE A
HOOT! AN'
HERE HE
COMES TOOTIN'
HIS LITTLE
HORN....

I TAKE NO
GUF WHEN I
STRUT MY
STUFF!

GANG
WAY!!

TOOT
TOOT

SQUISH



I GIVE TH' GOOKS
ONE CHANCE T'
GET OUTA TH' WAY
WHEN I TOOT MY
LITTLE HORN...

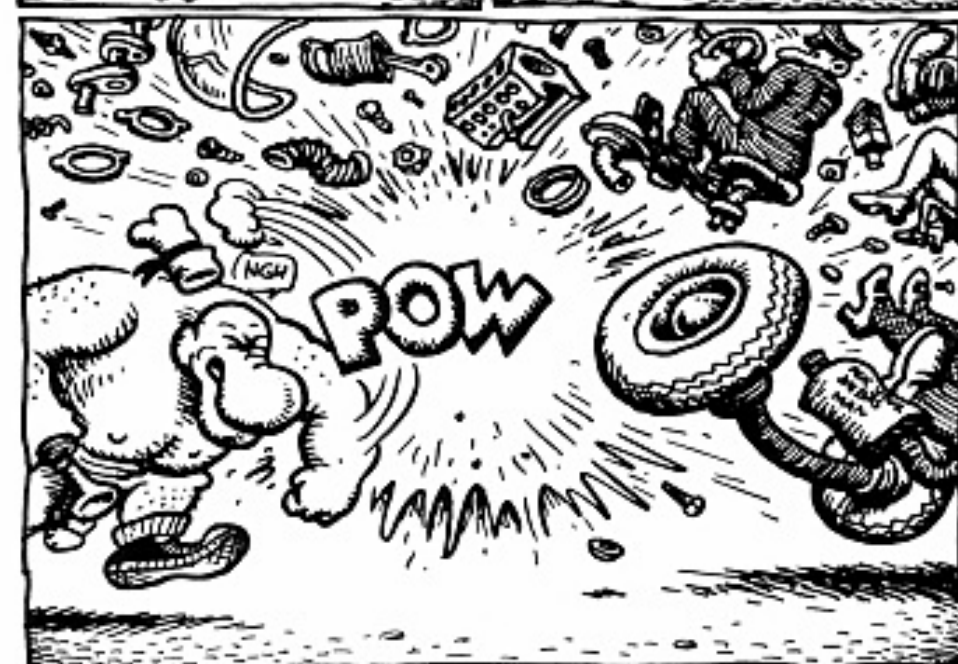
THEN IF THEY
WHAT TH'...

DIDN'T
YOU HEAR
MY HORN?

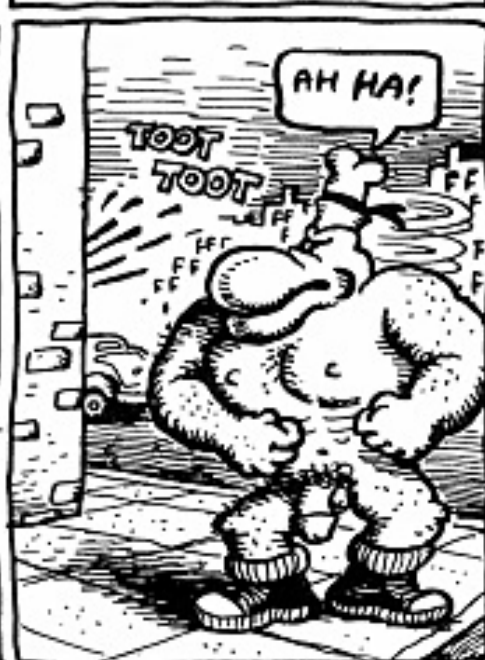
Y' BETTER
MOVE IT, BUNKY,
IF YA KNOW WHAT'S
GOOD FOR YA!

BANANA
OIL T' YOU,
YA BIG
TEAD!!









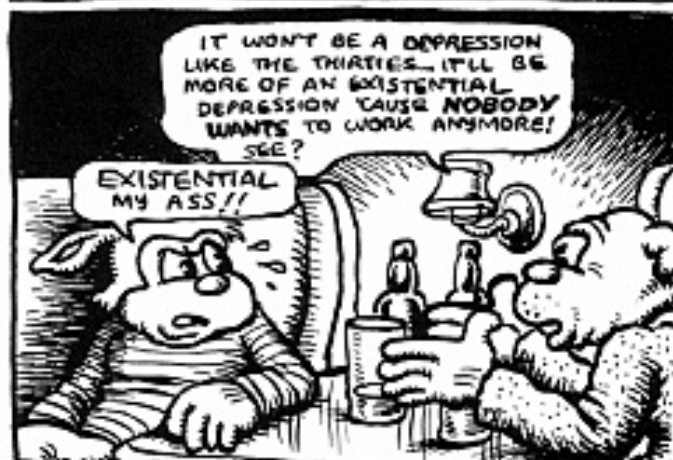


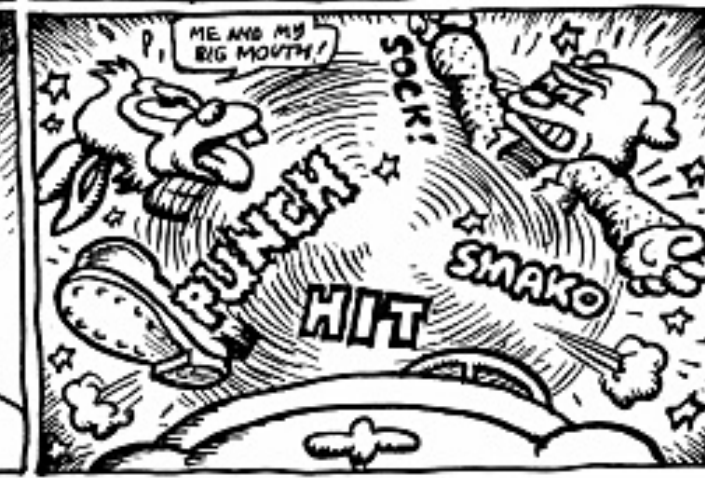


.....Strips by Little Bobby Scumbag







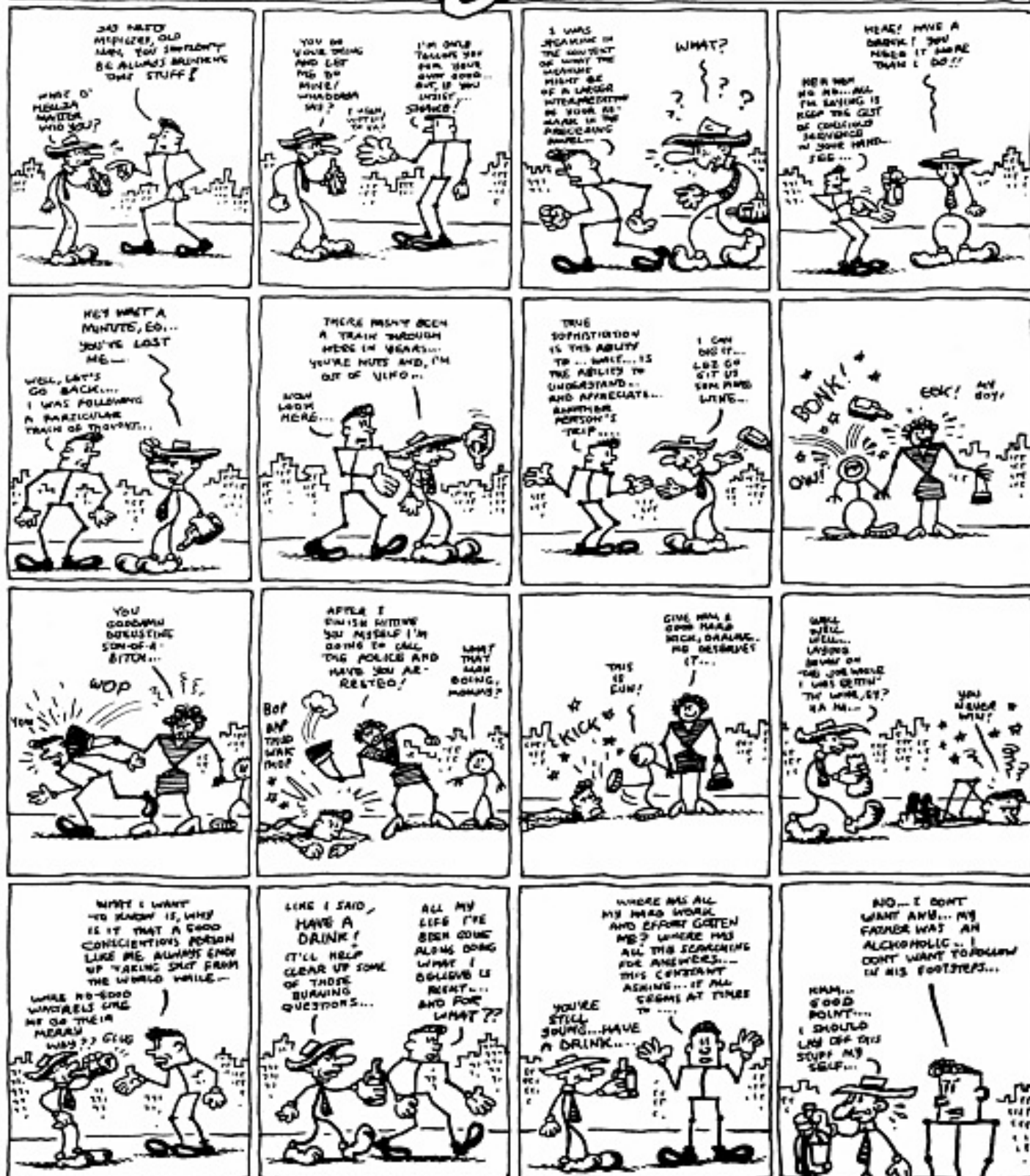


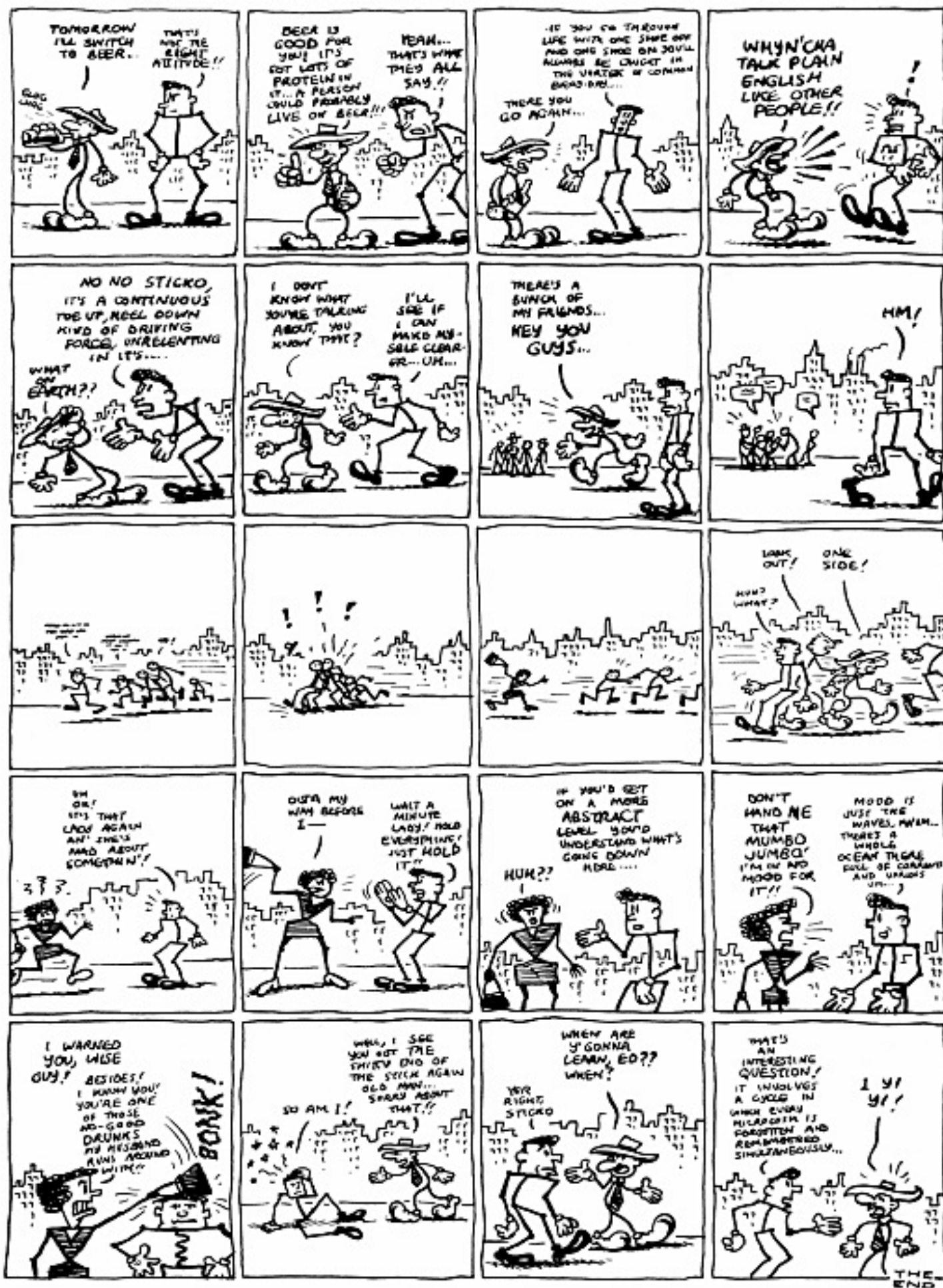




END

FRANK & ERNE funnies





Caught in the grips of **DESPAIR!?**



IS THIS YOU?



DO YOU SOMETIMES FEEL ...LOST IN THE DESERT? BOXED IN? ARE YOU ALWAYS GRAPPLING WITH THE DUALITIES OF LIFE?

TIMES ARE TOUGH, HUH, BUD?

Nobody ever said it was going to be a bed of roses!! So now you've made your bed, so now **EAT IT!!** Or, you might say, you've buttered your bread, now sleep in it! Who do you think **YOU** are? **GOD?** What gives **YOU** the right to think you should have it any better than the next guy? **FORGET IT!!** There's **NO HOPE!!** That's right, kids! **NO HOPE!** Face facts!! Look at the world situation!! How long can you go on deluding yourself that things will get better?? The only thing to do is resign yourself to the fatal inevitability of it all! While waiting for death, read "DESPAIR." It's your kind of comic!!

Take a tip from R. Crumb:

DRAWING CARTOONS IS FUN!

**OBOY! TIME TO
DRAW AGAIN!!**

**ANYONE CAN BE A CARTOONIST!
IT'S SO SIMPLE EVEN A CHILD CAN DO IT!!**

**DON'T LET
HIM KID YOU**



"ART" is just a racket! A HOAX perpetrated on the public by so-called "Artists" who set themselves up on a pedestal and promoted by pantywaist ivory-tower intellectuals and sob-sister critics who think the world owes them a living!



IT DOESN'T TAKE A "GENIUS" TO TRANSFORM THE PHOTO ON THE LEFT INTO THE CARTOON BELOW! A SENSE OF HUMOR IS ALL THAT'S NEEDED!

**Use Your
IMAGINATION!**

Create your own cartoon characters from these photos



**NO SUCH THING
AS "INBORN TALENT"**

People are always telling me, "I sure wish I had your talent, but I can't even draw a straight line!" This is just so much utter baloney! NOBODY can draw a straight line and any person who tells you he can is a liar, a cheat, and a fraud!!!

**The best Art is done
by Amateurs!**



and remember:

IT'S ONLY LINES ON PAPER, FOLKS!!

Now try making cartoons out of your friends!!

SOMEWHERE IN A WINDOWLESS AIR-CONDITIONED ROOM TUCKED AWAY IN THE UPPER FLOORS OF A HUGE GOVERNMENT BUILDING IN WASHINGTON, A GROUP OF HIGHER ECHELON OFFICIALS, MEMBERS OF A COMMITTEE OF A BRANCH OF A DEPARTMENT OF AN INVESTIGATING AGENCY ARE HOT ON THE TRAIL OF...

LENORE GOLDBERG

AND HER GIRL COMMANDOS





A FEW DAYS LATER, THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION FRONT HOLDS A HUGE MEETING AT A LARGE MIDWESTERN UNIVERSITY... LENORE GIVES THE GIRLS A MOVING SPEECH...



...AND SO I SAY, WAKE UP, WOMEN!! OPEN YOUR EYES!! IT IS YOU WHO HOLD IN YOUR HAND THE POWER TO DECIDE THE FUTURE OF MANKIND!!

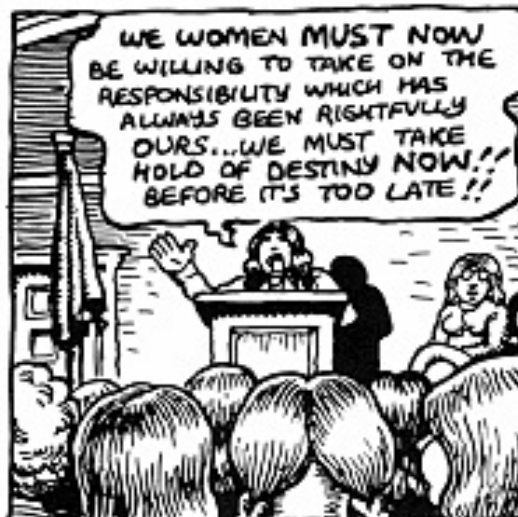
SORRY, NO MEN ALLOWED!

BUT-

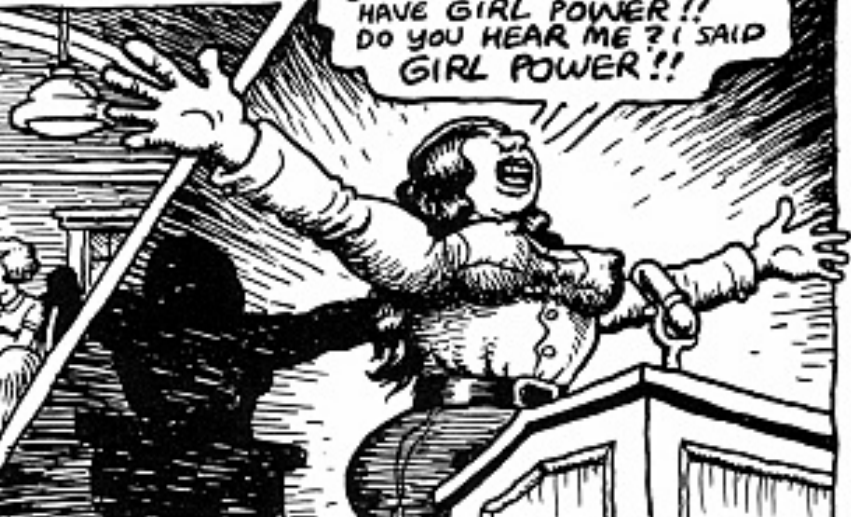
THAT IS, I MEAN, THE HUMAN RACE... THE WORD "MANKIND" IS JUST ANOTHER TOOL USED BY MEN TO BRAINWASH WOMEN...



WE CAN SAVE THE MEN FROM DESTROYING EACH OTHER! IT'S SIMPLE! WE HAVE GIRL POWER!! DO YOU HEAR ME?! I SAID GIRL POWER!!



WE WOMEN MUST NOW BE WILLING TO TAKE ON THE RESPONSIBILITY WHICH HAS ALWAYS BEEN RIGHTFULLY OURS... WE MUST TAKE HOLD OF DESTINY NOW, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!!



GIRL POWER!

AFTER THE CHEERING DIES DOWN...

BUT!...AND THIS IS THE HARD PART... WE'VE GOT TO ORGANIZE AND START PROGRAMS... FORCEFUL ACTIONS THAT WILL CHANGE SOCIETY... SO, TO THIS END THERE WILL BE A DISCUSSION GROUP LATER TO FORM A CELL HERE AT THE UNIVERSITY... ANY FEMALE WHO WANTS A SAY IN DECIDING HER OWN FATE OUGHT TO GET IN ON THIS THING... REMEMBER GIRL POWER!!!









SUDDENLY, FROM THE AUDIENCE, A HUNDRED GIRLS CALMLY MOVE TOWARD THE STAGE...



















WILL LENORE GOLDBERG TURN OUT TO BE A 'JEWISH MOTHER'? ONLY TIME WILL TELL!



WELL, GOOD MORNING, AND HOW ARE WE FEELING TODAY!?

WHADDAYA MEAN WE?!

GREAT UNTIL YOU CAME ALONG!

NOW NOW...DON'T BE LIKE THAT! I'M HERE TO HELP YOU!!

PERSONALLY, I'M RATHER HORNY TODAY, NURSE...WOULD YOU... COULD YOU... SUCK MY DICK??

TSK TSK...LET'S NOT REACT WITH HOSTILITY...WHY DON'T WE JUST SIT DOWN AND TALK IT ALL OUT...

WHO'S BEING HOSTILE!?! I WANT MY PRICK LICKED! HONEST TO GOD!

COME ON...YOU'LL FEEL BETTER IF YOU TALK ABOUT IT...WE'LL GET ALONG JUST FINE AND I WON'T HAVE TO HAVE YOU SENT TO THE RUBBER ROOM!

I'LL FEEL BETTER WHEN I'M SUCKED OFF IS NOW I FEEL!

YOU'RE BEING VERY UNCO-OPERATIVE! SPLURP SPLURP-BLERP!

SHAD UP!

HAR HAR HEY, BIG NURSE, YOU LOOK FUNNY!

YOU'RE BOTH TOTALLY INSANE, YOU-SPLURP PLBSK BLAPP-P

I TOLD YOU TO SHUT UP!

LOOK! SHE'S A SUCTION PUMP!

HAW!

HAW HAW! YER SICK, GIMP BUT I'M GAME!

HEY, TRY STICKIN' YER PUD IN THERE, SIMP!

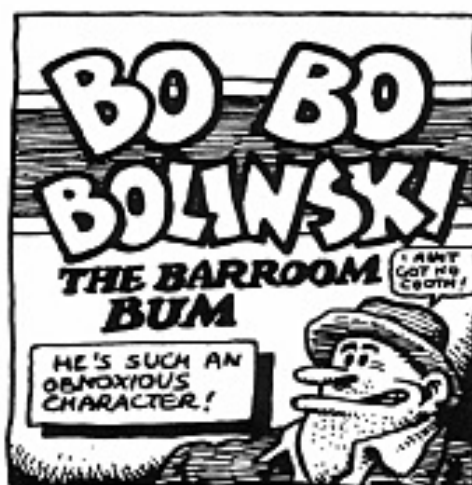
SPLP





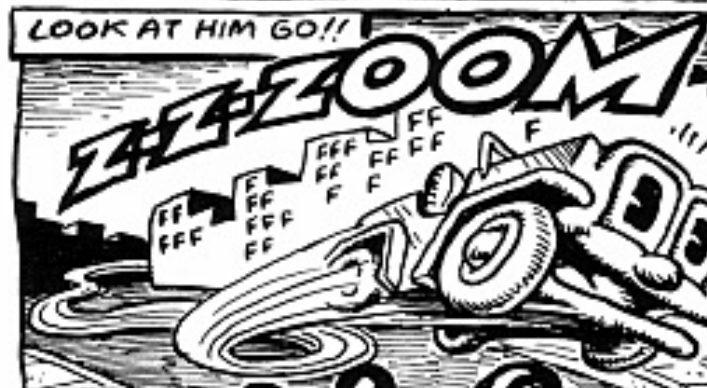
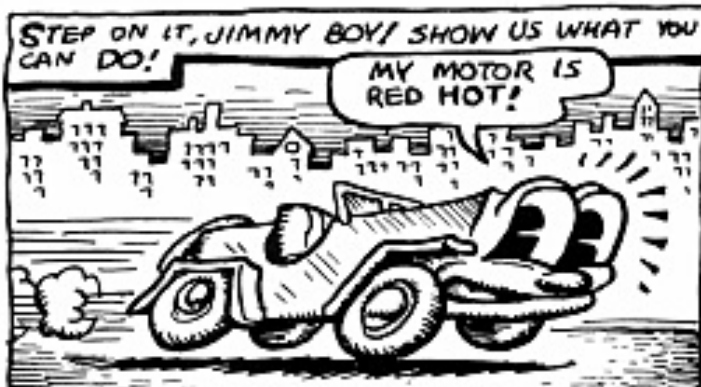






Potatoes Browning

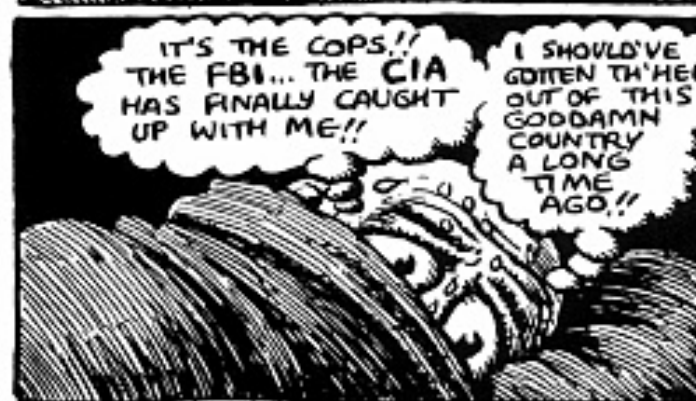




DOM DA DOM DOM!

SHUMAN *the* HUMAN'S NIGHT OF TERROR

...TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING AND ALL'S WELL.... OR IS IT???



—continued from front flap

no shame. I guess we got some kind of exhibitionistic kick out of it. Kathy wore the shortest, most provocative outfits in public in the early 'seventies. It was a sign of the times, of course. Her underpants were always peeking out from under her short skirts, cut-offs, etc. I was out of control, too, mauling her in public places all the time. At the supermarket I would climb on her protruding rump and go for a ride while she pushed the cart around. She'd whine, 'Robert, people are staring.' I remember her telling a shocked group of her women friends, in detail, the sick things I 'forced' her to do in our sex play. They glared at me as I cowered in a corner, secretly gloating...and so was she, the little hypocrite!

"...Me and Kathy, we drove each other nuts. After awhile, I'd go running back to my cabin in Potter Valley, three hours North of San Francisco, and hole up there. She kept me coming and going. After a couple of weeks I'd develop a sick obsessive craving for her, like a deprived junkie. My reasoning powers were scrambled into mush. Like a mindless zombie I would return to her for another go 'round. When I saw her I'd be overcome with such violent animal lust I'd be clawing at her...pulling at her clothes. Oh, what she did to me...it's criminal! Guess I've calmed down a little since then...have a slightly better control over my libido...maybe it's just a matter of getting older..."

*—from the introduction
by R. Crumb*



R. Crumb and friend, San Francisco, early 1970s.

The Complete Crumb Comics Vol. 6: On The Crest of a Wave continues the multi-volume series comprising the complete works of the legendary cartoonist **R. Crumb**, one of America's most original, trenchant, and uncompromising satirists. The series will include the earliest, heretofore unpublished comic strips, as well as his sketchbooks, underground comix, dramatic and autobiographical strips, and his classic cartoon creations Fritz the Cat and Mr. Natural.



"August 30th, 1969... It's my 26th birthday... There I am knocking on the door of a little summer cabin in upstate New York, heart pounding with anticipation. The door opens... 'Happy birthday, Bob.' Her voice is husky, her breathing heavy. She stands in the doorway giving me a good look. My eyes are popping out through my glasses. She's the perfect bad girl of my Catholic-boy dreams: her voluptuous body gloriously displayed in a shiny, tight, black low-cut mini-dress, a wide black leather belt around her waist, dark, seamed tights, high lace-up black boots, black 'choker' collar around her pale white neck, the whole image finished off with a vintage nazi swastika emblem dangling in the cleavage of her heaving chest... my birthday present..."

"Garsh, I just had to laugh and shake my head..."

R. CRUMB
from his introduction to this volume

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